

MARVEL® LEGENDS

DAREDEVIL



BORN AGAIN

MILLER • MAZZUCHELLI

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B

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MURDOCK AGONISTES

At the center of the web of deceit and corruption squats the spider—bloated on the blood of his victims. His movements may be slow and nearly hypnotic as he spins additional strands, or blindingly fast when a victim is entrapped. And this spider revels in the agony of its prey, in their frantic and futile attempts at escape as he ultimately descends on them to drain their life away.

I believe that arachnidian analogy holds when I think about the Kingpin, the villain of our piece. Consider his brooding, overwhelming presence as you read this powerful little collection. He has no costume, no super powers, yet a more chilling vision of the malign I can't imagine. Here is a creature of such unspeakable evil that his supreme pleasure is in the meticulous destruction of the one good man he has ever known—Matthew Murdock—the hero of our piece.

I say Murdock is our hero—and not Daredevil, his alter-ego—because in this brilliantly told sequence of stories, the Kingpin strips away everything from this good and honorable man: his home; his job; his friends; his identity; his very sanity. But the core of him remains. The fighter. The man who will not surrender or die. The Man Without Fear!

In this larger-than-life theater, the forces of corruption and redemption have at one another with Wagnerian intensity that rivals the very best this medium has ever produced. At stake—one's immortal, indestructible soul.

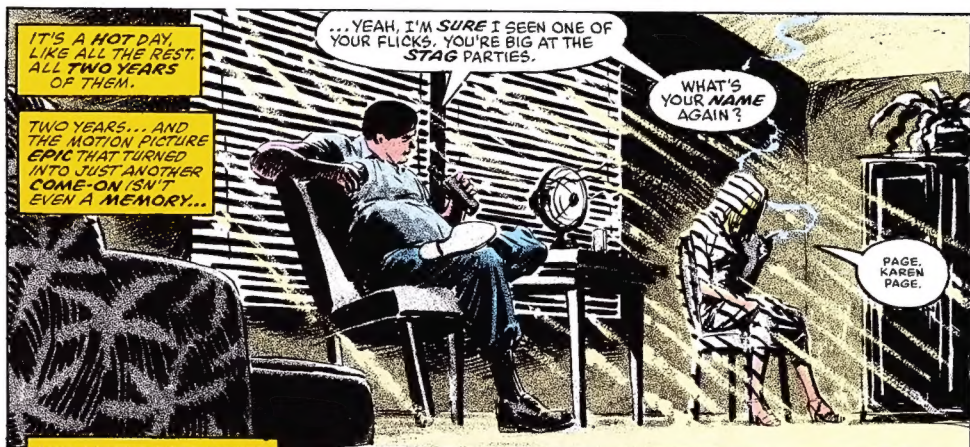
Presenting this mind-stunning excursion are Messrs. *Frank Miller* and *David Mazzucchelli*. If ever two people were born to collaborate, these gentleman are it. As editor of this series, I was privileged to watch the growth of artist Mazzucchelli as he gave visual birth to the innumerable ideas he and Frank has concocted. David's evocative, singular style perfectly complemented the tight, explosive scripting of his co-creator. Of course, it was a pleasure to watch Frank Miller return to the book he'd cut his artistic eyeteeth on several years ago, and surpass even that incredible, initial effort.

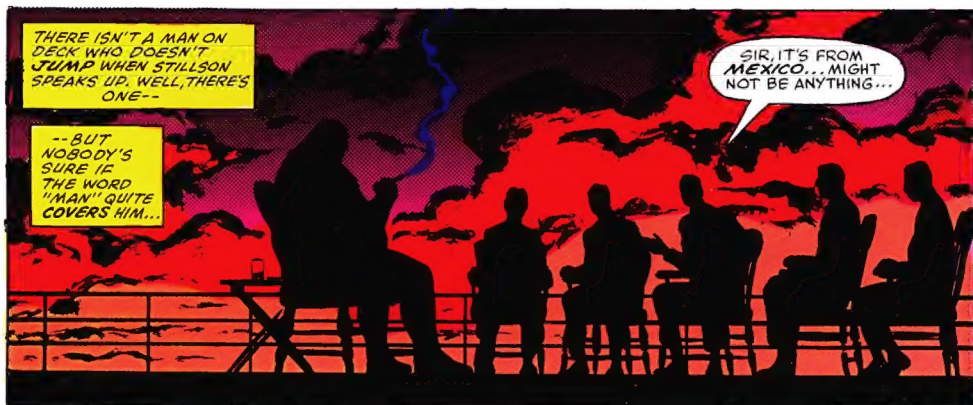
And so we're presenting this beautiful "Born Again" series between two covers. We're proud of it and the people who created it. Everyone—and I mean everyone—connected with these eight issues worked himself silly to provide you people with the best entertainment we could. And why not—you're family.

One final thing. Next time we run one of these trade paperbacks I'm in charge of, remind to tell you about the time I playfully grabbed Frank Miller's portfolio from him in the middle of Park Avenue and ran off down the block just for laughs. Clipped me with that billy club before I got ten steps.

Enjoy,
Ralph Macchio
July 1987









... CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERYTHING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...

...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO ...HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP, BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.



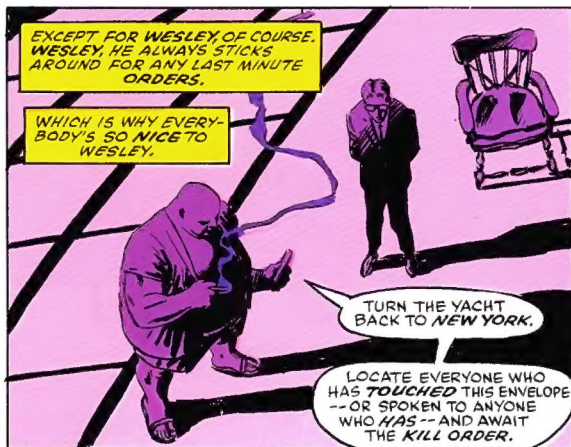
LOCAL PUSHER DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY. HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...



... HIS REAL NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.



EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS TOUCHED THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS-- AND AWAIT THE KILL ORDER.



IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.

WINTER HITS MANHATTAN
LIKE AN UNWANTED RELATIVE.
DROPS IN WITH NO
WARNING AND SEEMS TO
STAY FOREVER.

IT SPREADS A THICK
WHITE BLANKET
THAT MAKES THE
CITY LOOK CLEAN
FOR A FEW HOURS--
UNTIL THE SNOW GETS
STEPPED ON AND
DRIVEN OVER AND
MADE GRITTY AND
DIRTY GREY.

MATT MURDOCK IS
BLIND--SO HE MISSES
THE PRETTIEST MORNING
OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS
IS HISsing PIPES AND AN
EAST COAST CHILL THAT
GOES STRAIGHT FOR
THE BONES.

MATT MURDOCK IS
ALSO DAREDEVIL.

THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE
IS ABOUT TO FALL
APART.

Stan Lee
presents

APOCALYPSE

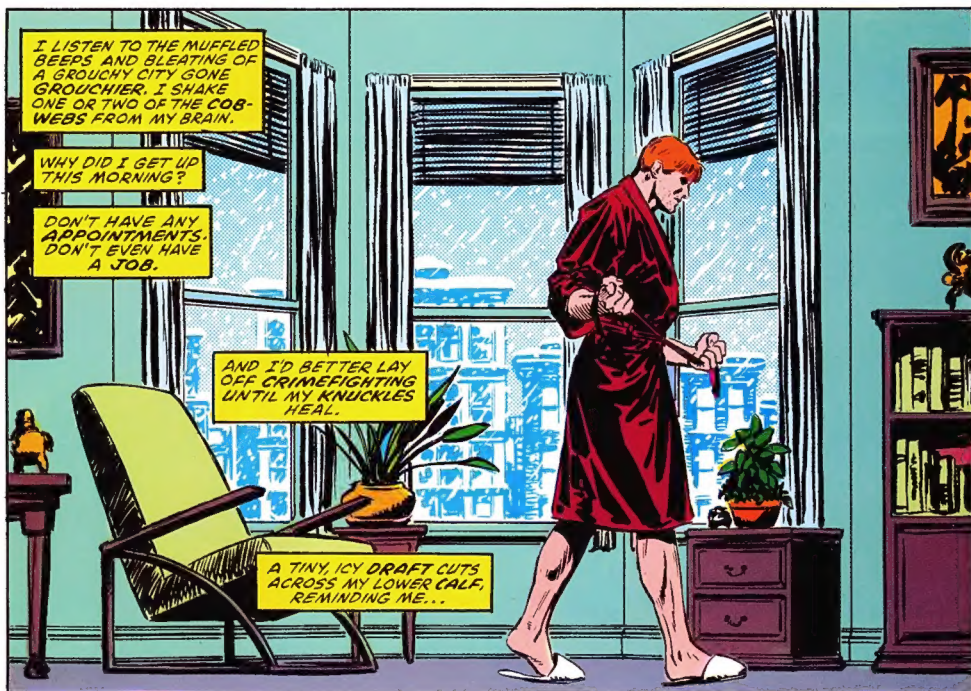
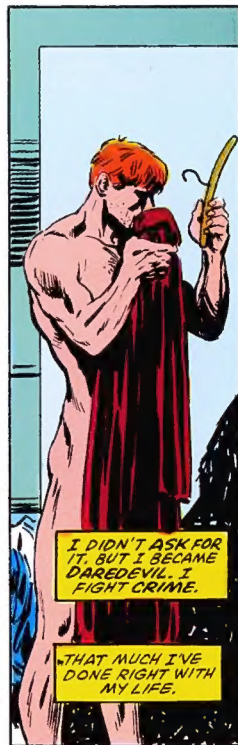
By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

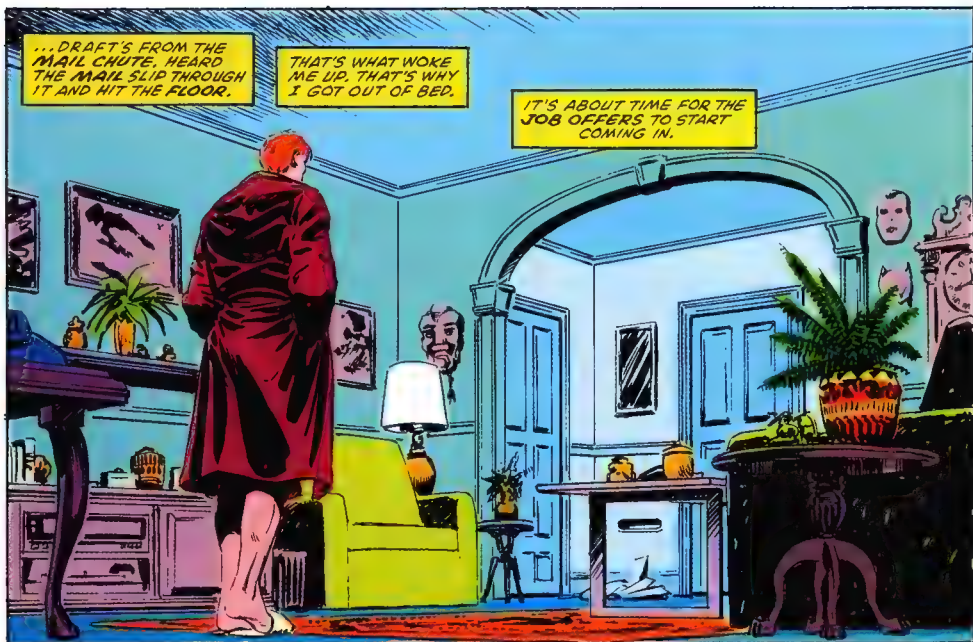
CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF





...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE, HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.



I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN. THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...

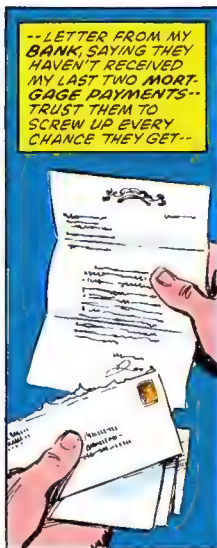


...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.



NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECT-ANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--



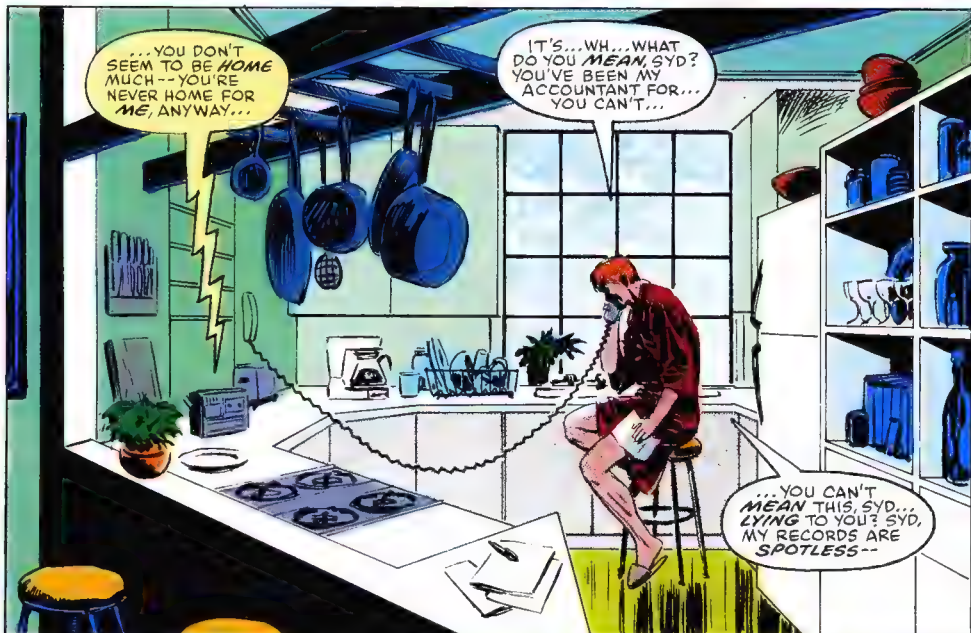
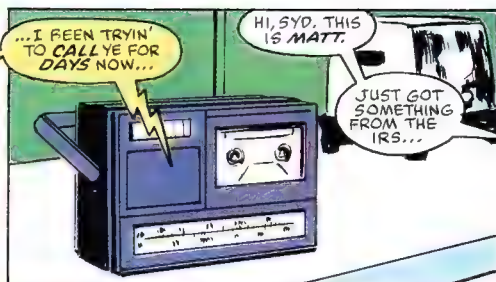
--LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORT-GAGE PAYMENTS--TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

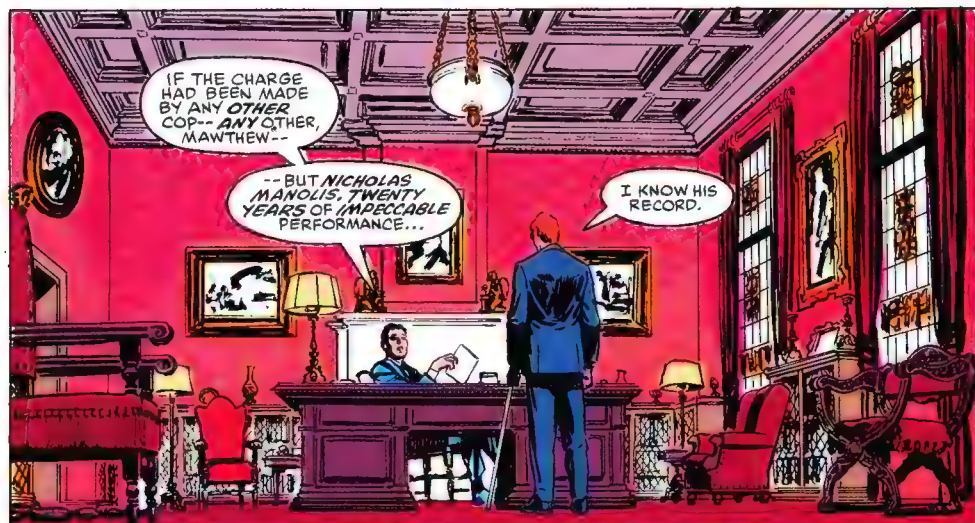
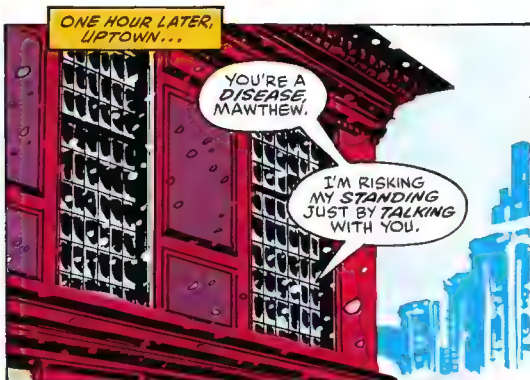
--AND A NOTICE FROM INTER-NAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDIT-ED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.



ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.

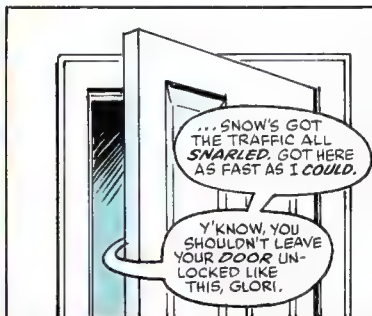
AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.







NIGHT FALLS,
TOO QUICKLY...



... SNOW'S GOT
THE TRAFFIC ALL
SNARLED. GOT HERE
AS FAST AS I **COULD**.

Y'KNOW, YOU
SHOULDN'T LEAVE
YOUR **DOOR** UN-
LOCKED LIKE
THIS, GLORI.



IT'S NOT--

GLORI!



OH, NO...

TOOK
EVERYTHING.
FOGGY--CAME HOME
AND THEY'D TAKEN
EVERYTHING--

-- WHAT
KIND OF
PEOPLE
WOULD
DO THIS--



-- **HATEFUL CITY HATEFUL**--
SCARES ME WORSE THAN **BELFAST**
BOMBS AND ALL--

-- THEY
RUINED MY
PICTURES FOGGY
WHAT KIND OF
PEOPLE--

YOU'RE **SAFE**, GLORI!
THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.
COME ON... I'LL FIX YOU
A CUP OF **COFFEE**...



-- NO NOT **HERE**-- WITH EVERY-
THING **BROKEN** AND **SKewed** AROUND--

-- I CAN'T
STAY HERE
TONIGHT--



My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk.



It's not the kind that KISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME, BEN.

SURE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a host of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT.

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW.



MATT--BEN, I JUST HEARD--

"I have no statement for the press," a stranger tells me.



MATT--IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD--YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking.



MATT--I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD



The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE.

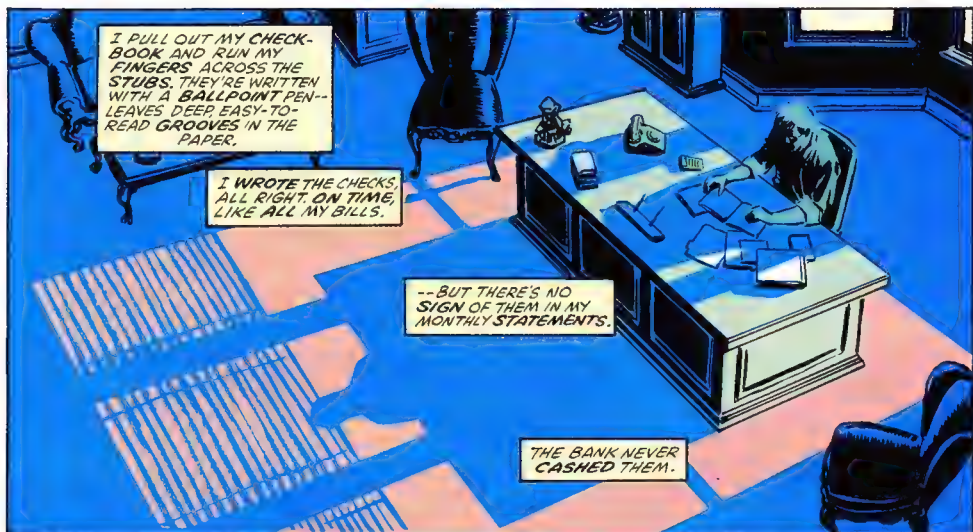
I WORRY--not about his HONESTY...



THE BANK INSISTS
I HAVEN'T PAID THEM.

THEY THREATEN
TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY
TEMPER AND
YELL AT THEM
AND THEY HANG
UP ON ME.



I PULL OUT MY CHECK-
BOOK AND RUN MY
FINGERS ACROSS THE
STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN
WITH A BALLPOINT PEN--
LEAVES DEEP EASY-TO-
READ GROOVES IN THE
PAPER.

I WROTE THE CHECKS,
ALL RIGHT. ON TIME,
LIKE ALL MY BILLS.

--BUT THERE'S NO
SIGN OF THEM IN MY
MONTHLY STATEMENTS.

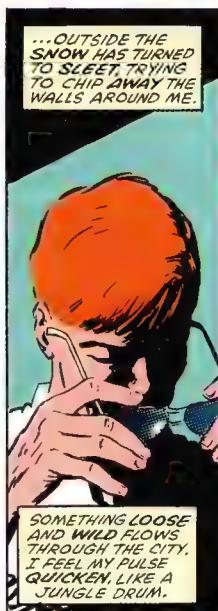
THE BANK NEVER
CASHED THEM.



MAYBE THEY WERE
LOST IN THE MAIL.

WITH MY MONEY
FROZEN BY THE
IRS, HOW CAN I...

... I HATE MONEY...



...OUTSIDE THE
SNOW HAS TURNED TO
SLEET, TRYING
TO CHIP AWAY THE
WALLS AROUND ME.

SOMETHING LOOSE
AND WILD FLOWS
THROUGH THE CITY.
I FEEL MY PULSE
QUICKEN, LIKE A
JUNGLE DRUM.



IT'S THE NIGHT.
I'VE ALWAYS
LOVED IT.

I GRAB THE WEIGHT-
LESS BUNDLE OF
CLOTH--THE ONLY
PART OF MY LIFE
WORTH LIVING ANY
MORE...



...THE ONE RELIEF
I CAN GIVE MYSELF...

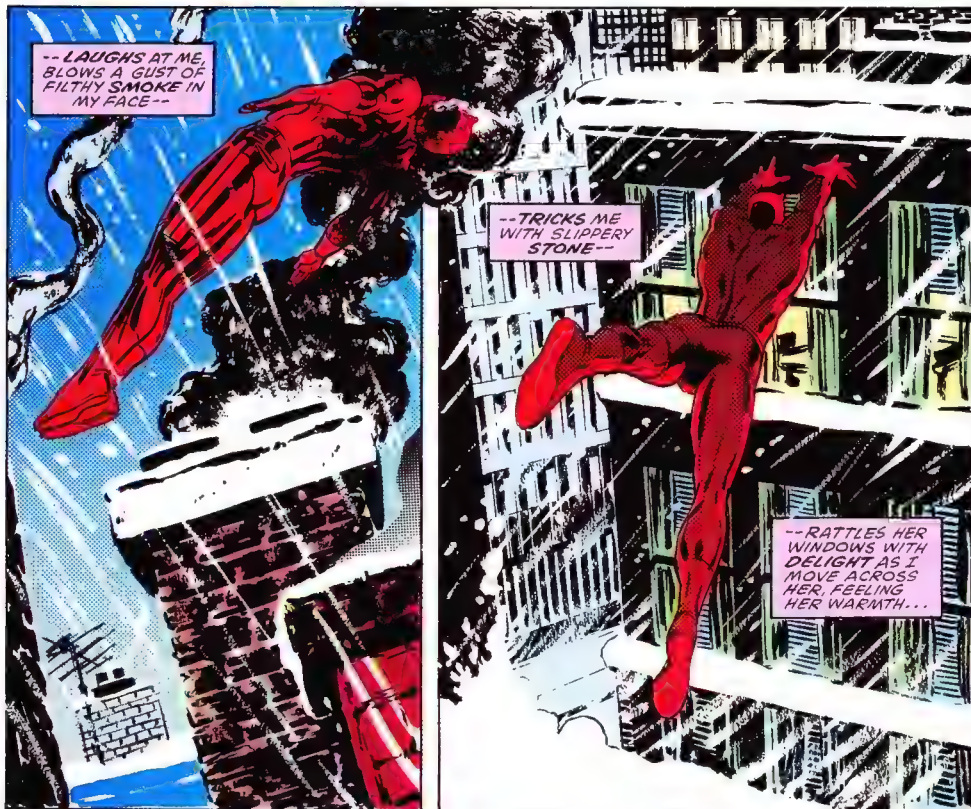
...WHEN IT ALL
GETS TO BE
TOO MUCH.



SHE GREETES ME WITH
A BLAST OF WIND
AND HER ENDLESS,
ANGRY ROAR.



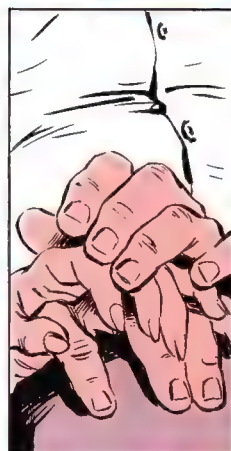
SHE HUMS WITH POWER
AND TICKLES MY LEGS
WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING
FINGERS--

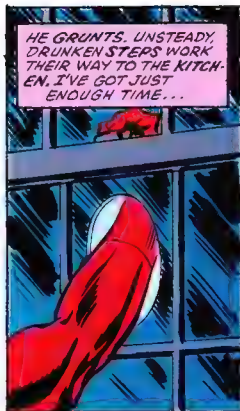
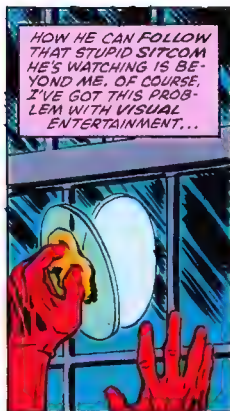


-- LAUGHS AT ME,
BLOWS A GUST OF
FILTHY SMOKE IN
MY FACE--

--TRICKS ME
WITH SLIPPERY
STONE--

--RATTLES HER
WINDOWS WITH
DELIGHT AS I
MOVE ACROSS
HER, FEELING
HER WARMTH...

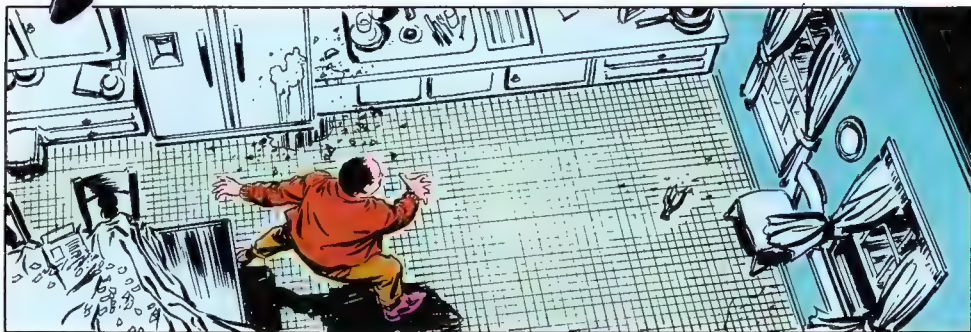




I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH
FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE
TORTURE...

FAPP

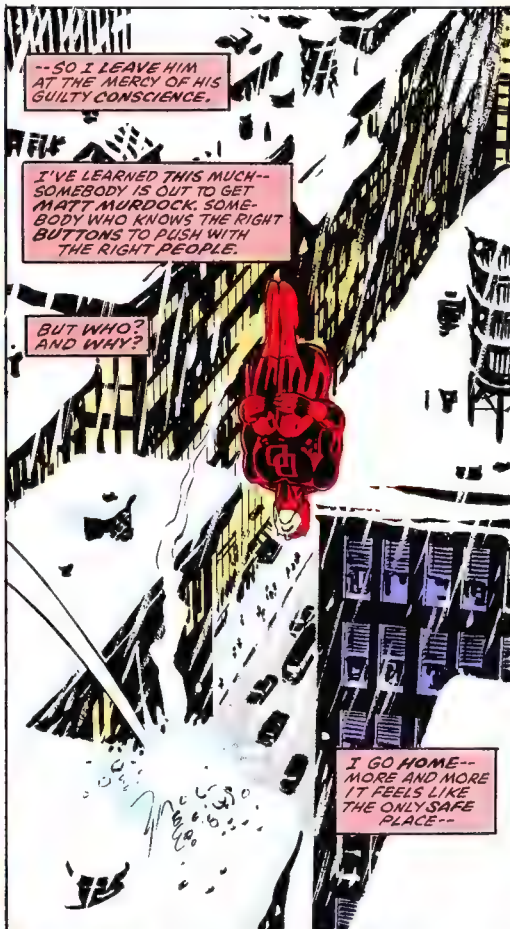




HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.



--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

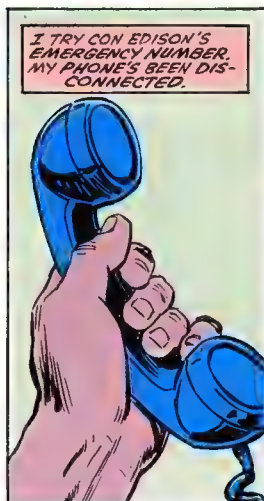
I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--



--IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.



I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.



IT'S BEEN A DAY.



THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.



--AND EGGS--

--AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.



MUST'VE, THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT.

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.



RINGG



NELSON RESIDENCE.

...HELLO, MATT... NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL... I'LL PUT HIM ON...



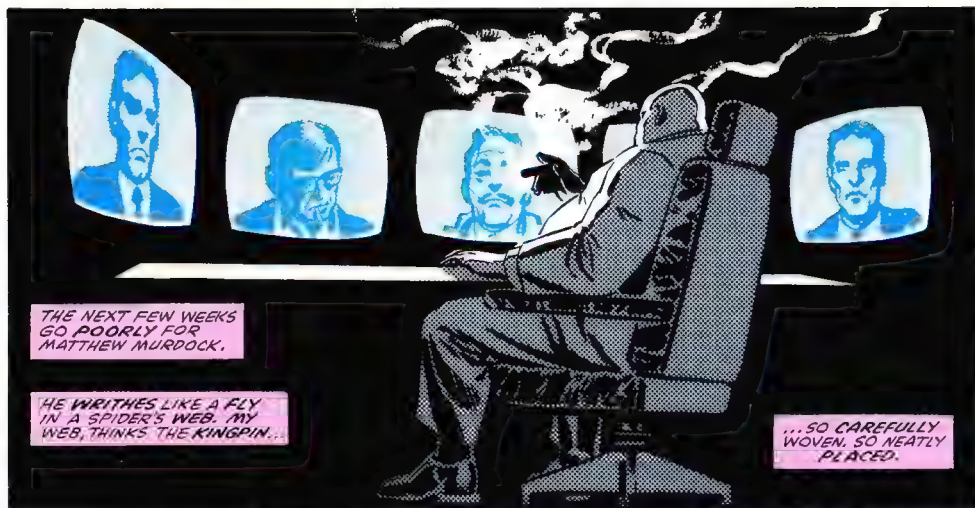
MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT,--

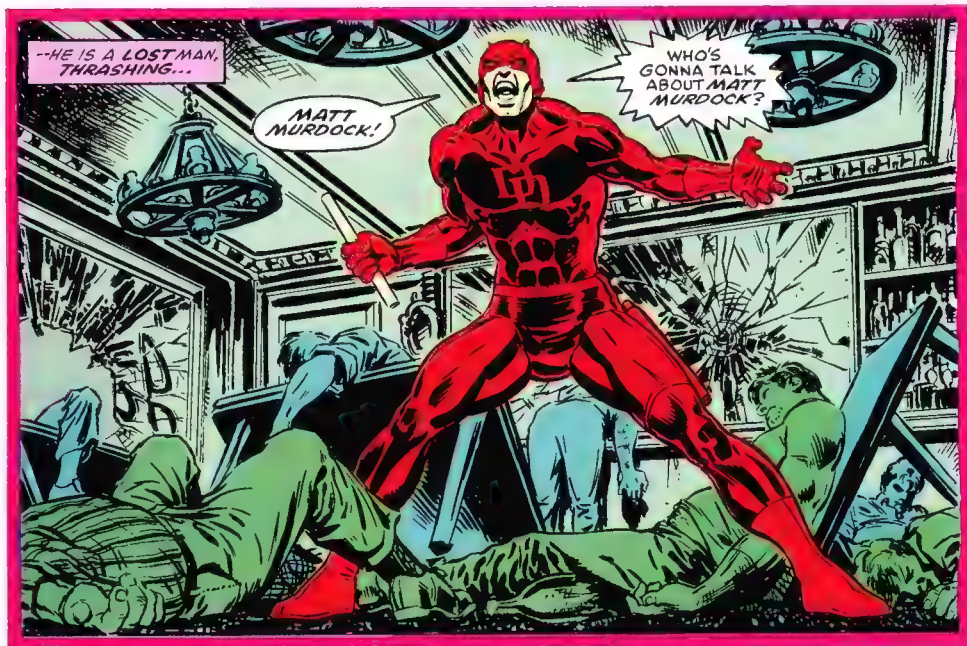
--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOU, MATT. WHERE-- A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOUR?...



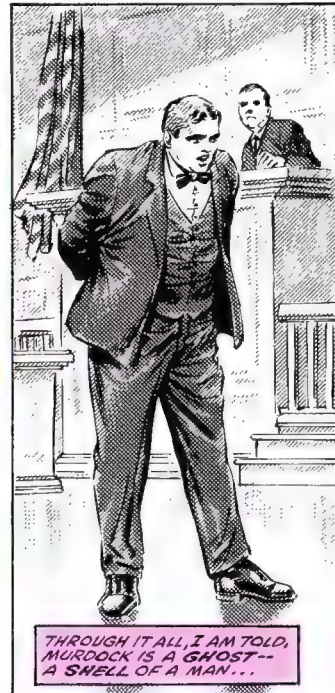
...WH...DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY? ...NO, I HADN'T HEARD.

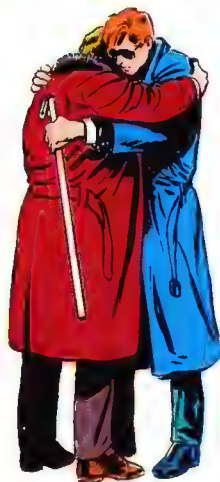
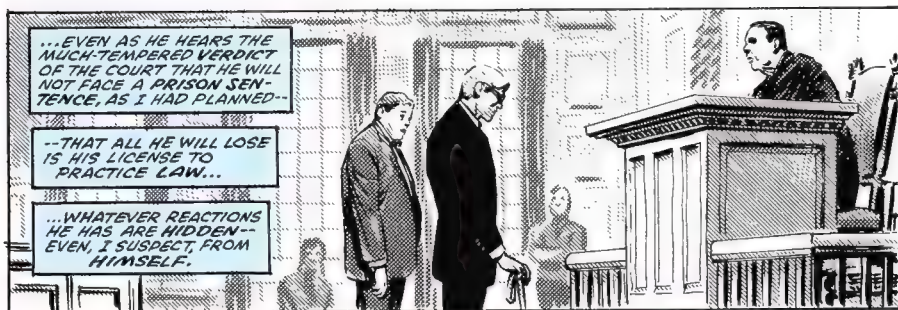
OH, GOLLY. OH GOLLY.





THE HEARING IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL DETAIL AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF PRECEDENT CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM HIRED.







-- NEVER STOPS BEING HOT HERE
BUT KAREN PAGE IS COLD --
SHAKING WITH COLD FROM
HEAD TO FOOT --

-- IT STREAKS ALONG
HER ARMS AND LEGS
AND HER STOMACH
LURCHES LIKE AN
AIRPLANE ENGINE
STARTING --

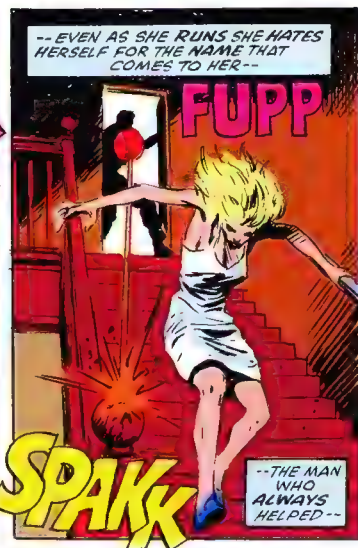
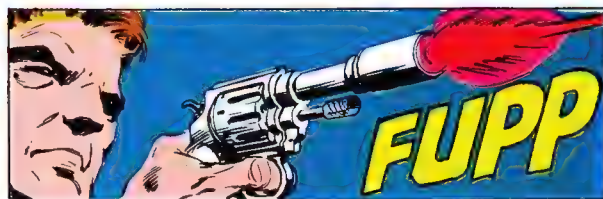
-- GOT NO MONEY
BUT STILL HAVE
SOME OF MY LOOKS
LEFT --



-- HE'D SAID THAT -- SAID
I STILL HAVE SOME OF
MY LOOKS --

-- ENOUGH
FOR --

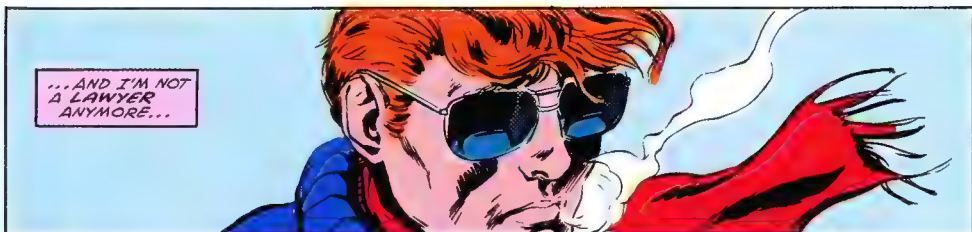
-- SOME OF MY
LOOKS I'M JUST
TWENTY-FIVE --



-- EVEN AS SHE RUNS SHE HATES
HERSELF FOR THE NAME THAT
COMES TO HER --

-- THE MAN
WHO
ALWAYS
HELPED --

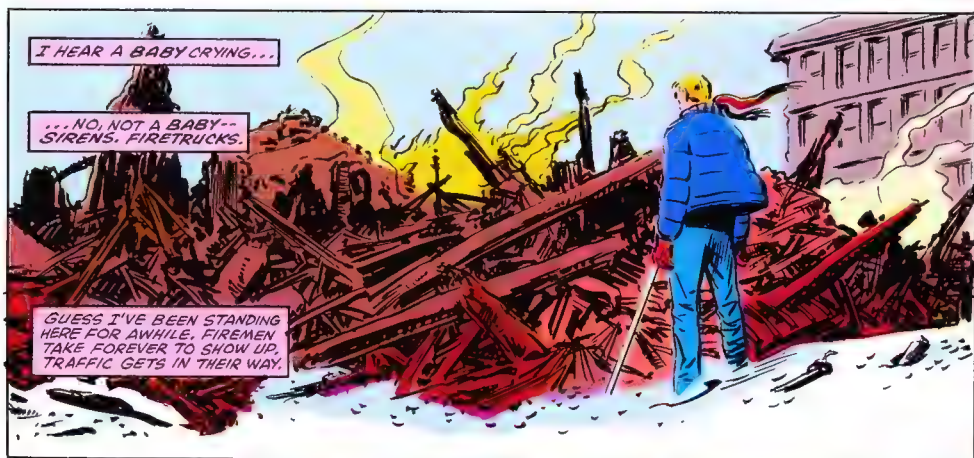




NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME, FOUGHT FOR ME. HE...BUT THAT COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--







I HEAR A BABY CRYING...

...NO, NOT A BABY--
SIRENS. FIRETRUCKS.

GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING
HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN
TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP.
TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.



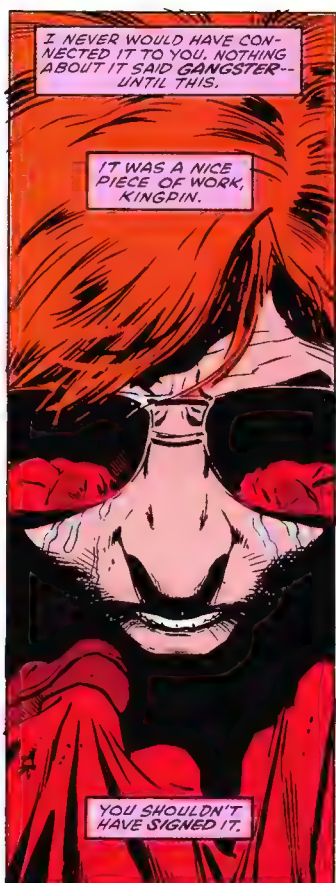
DUST... THE DUST IS
THICK. COULD CHOKE
ON IT...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.



SO YOU KNOW.

SO THAT'S WHY.

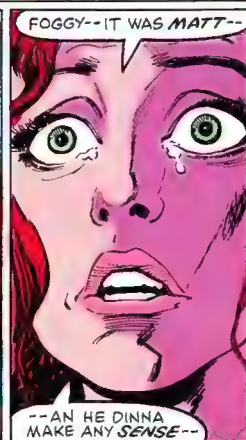
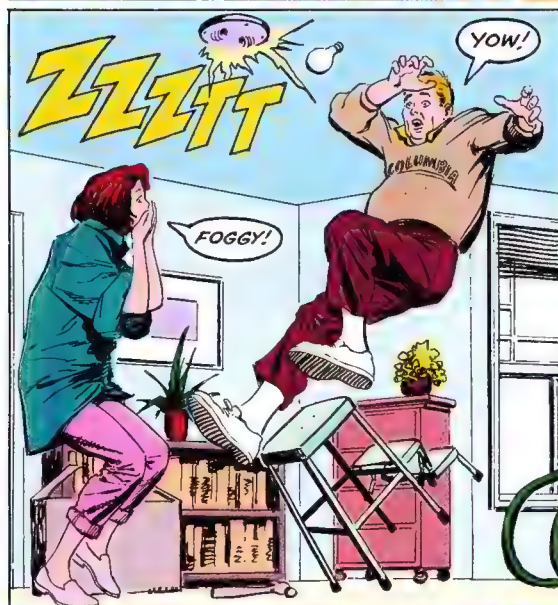


I NEVER WOULD HAVE CON-
NECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING
ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--
UNTIL THIS.

IT WAS A NICE
PIECE OF WORK,
KINGPIN.

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE SIGNED IT.





THE WINDOW'S CLOSED--
BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT.
NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE
THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT,
GIVING ME A SWEETHEART
OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER
BACK.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW
OUTSIDE AND STILL
NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...

AND HERE I'D PLANNED
ON STAYING AT THIS PLAZA.
THAT WAS BEFORE I DIS-
COVERED THAT THE IRS
HAD MADE MY CREDIT
CARDS SO MUCH WORTH-
LESS PLASTIC.

LEFT ME WITH TEN
BUCKS TO MY NAME.

I FOUND A HOTEL
THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee
presents

PURGATORY

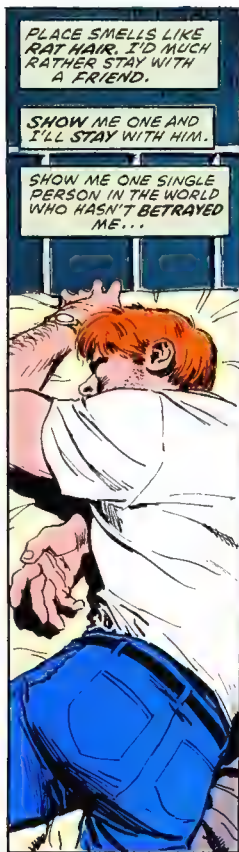
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R. LEWIS
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EDITOR

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EDITOR IN CHIEF



PLACE SMELLS LIKE
RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH
RATHER STAY WITH
A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND
I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE
PERSON IN THE WORLD
WHO HASN'T BETRAYED
ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I
WAS A PILLAR OF MY
COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED
FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.



NOT TO MENTION
MY SIDELINE
OF BEING A
SUPERHERO.

NOW I'M JUST
A BLIND MAN...



...A BLIND MAN WHO'S
LOST HIS JOB, HIS
LIVELIHOOD HIS
HOME, HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE
THE ABILITY TO HEAR
AND SMELL AND
TOUCH BETTER THAN
ANYBODY IN THE
WORLD CAN--

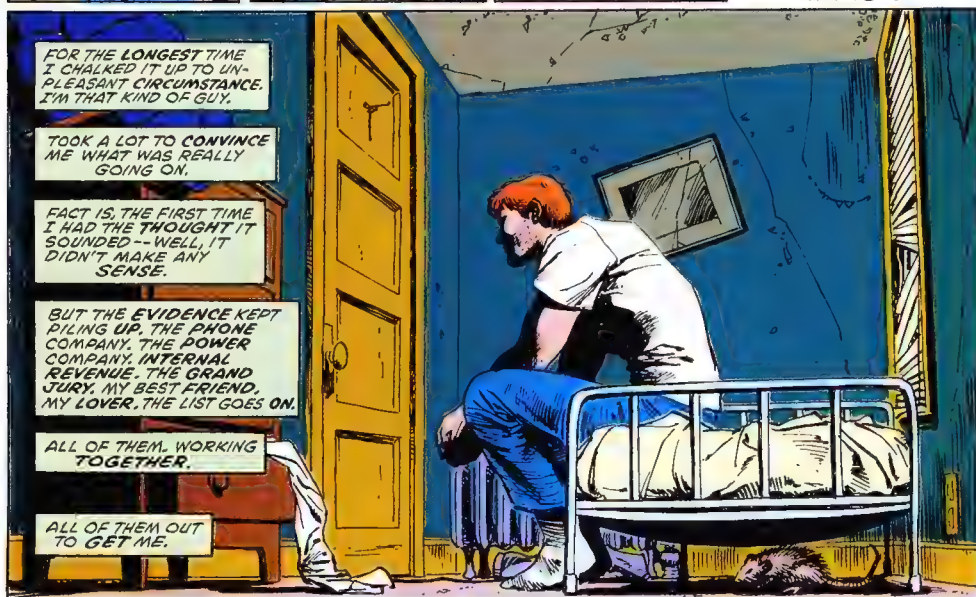
--WHICH IS A
GREAT WAY TO
CATCH ALL THE
MISERY OF
BEING ALIVE.



JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE
SEEN ALL THIS COMING.
STARTED MONTHS
AGO. THINGS GOING
WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT
FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY
NOT TO NOTICE, THE KIND
THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU
WANT TO...



FOR THE LONGEST TIME
I CHALKED IT UP TO UN-
PLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE.
I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE
ME WHAT WAS REALLY
GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME
I HAD THE THOUGHT IT
SOUNDED--WELL, IT
DIDN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE.

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT
PILING UP. THE PHONE
COMPANY. THE POWER
COMPANY. INTERNAL
REVENUE. THE GRAND
JURY. MY BEST FRIEND.
MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON.

ALL OF THEM. WORKING
TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT
TO GET ME.



NO, NO. THAT'S--
I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN.

THE KINGPIN. YES.



HE'S THE ONLY REAL
ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE
CAUSED HIM A LOT OF
TROUBLE, FIGHTING
CRIME--SINCE THAT'S
HIS BUSINESS, IT
FOLLOWS THAT I'D
CAUSE HIM TROUBLE.
IT MAKES SENSE
THAT I'D CAUSE HIM
TROUBLE. IT...



...IT'S THE KINGPIN.
SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT
THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND
THREATENED EVERY-
BODY IT TOOK TO
DESTROY ME.

I'VE GIVEN THIS A
LOT OF THOUGHT.



THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T
LEFT THIS ROOM. TO
THINK AND PUT TO-
GETHER A PLAN AND
GET ENOUGH SLEEP
I SEEM TO NEED SO
MUCH SLEEP...

... BUT IT'S ALL
WORKED OUT NOW.
I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

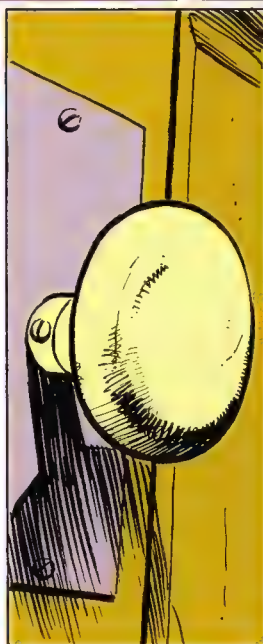
I'M GOING TO GO TO
THE KINGPIN AND I'M
GOING TO KILL HIM..



NO, I WON'T KILL HIM.
I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM
UNTIL HE PROMISES
TO GIVE ME MY LIFE
BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS
MINUTE AND WALK TO
THE DOOR AND LEAVE
THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY-- NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERER, AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN-- AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.

AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

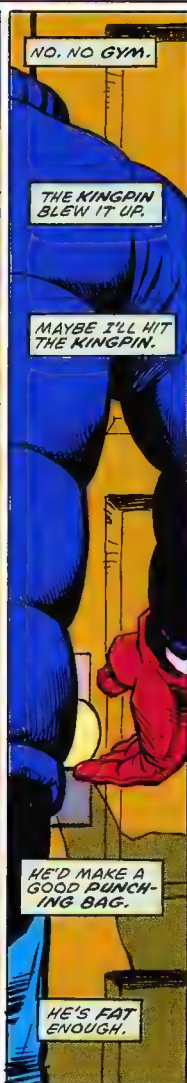
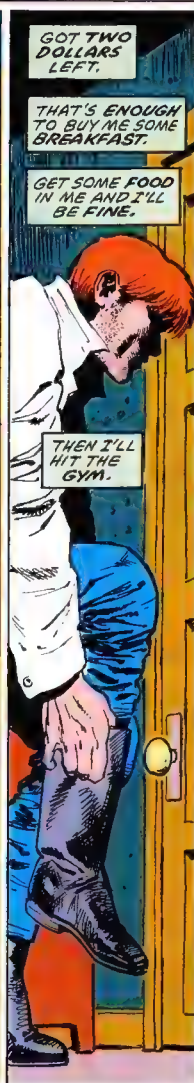
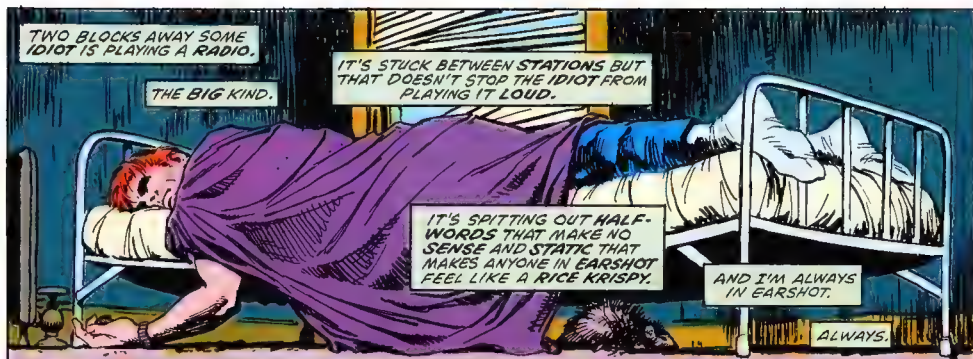
IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE-- HIS SECRET IDENTITY, WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT-- WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...

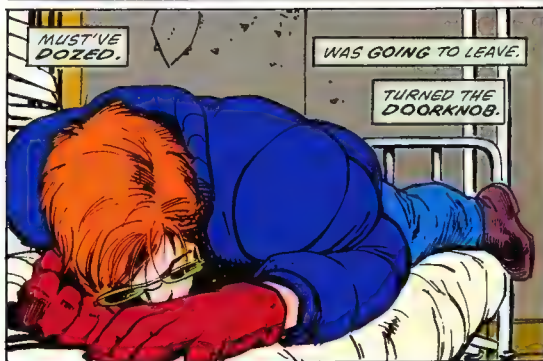
... THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE-- THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.



I WALK OUT AND A KIND STRANGER GIVES ME A RIDE
 UPTOWN TO THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS AND I
 PUNCH THE KINGPIN OUT AND HE BEGS FOR MERCY
 AND GIVES ME MY LIFE BACK AND SURRENDERS
 TO THE POLICE AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS
 ME WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A PARADE.

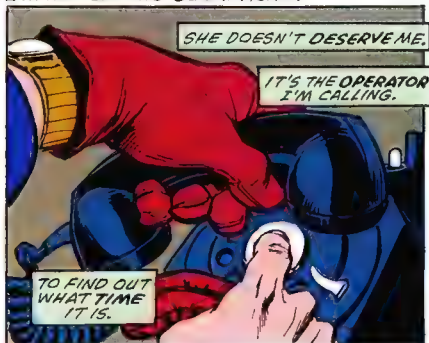


MUST'VE
 DOZED.

WAS GOING TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE
 DOORKNOB.

I'M NOT CALLING GLORI AGAIN.



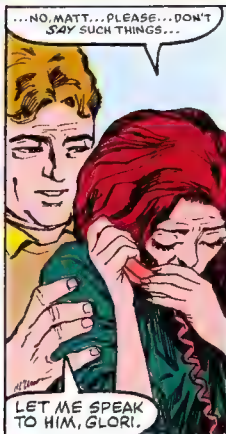
SHE DOESN'T DESERVE ME.

IT'S THE OPERATOR
 I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT
 WHAT TIME
 IT IS.



RINGGGG



...NO, MATT... PLEASE... DON'T
 SAY SUCH THINGS...

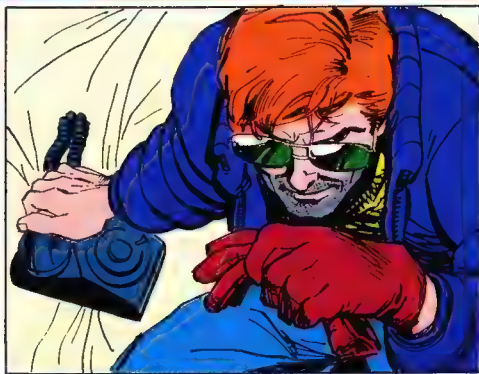
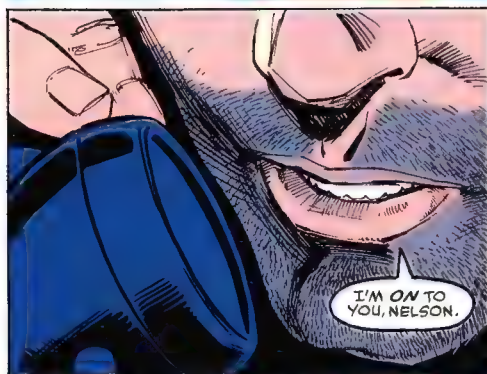
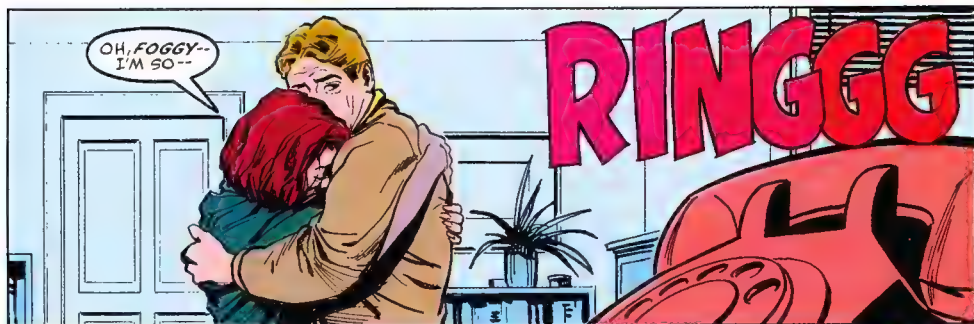
LET ME SPEAK
 TO HIM, GLORI.



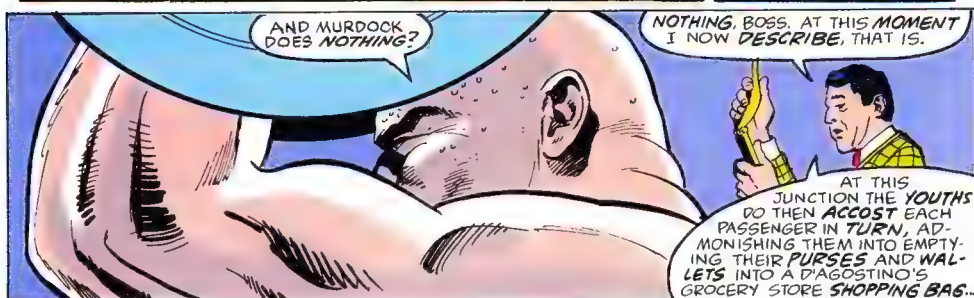
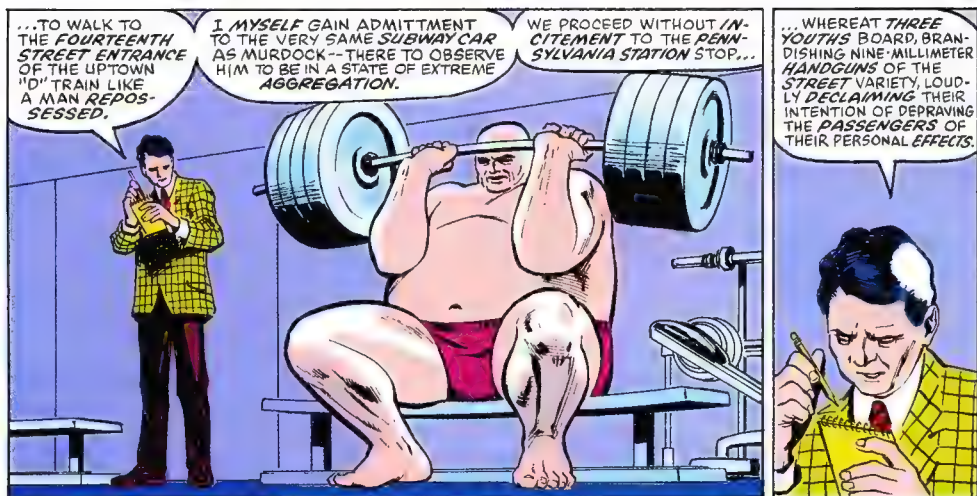
MATT, THIS IS FOGGY--

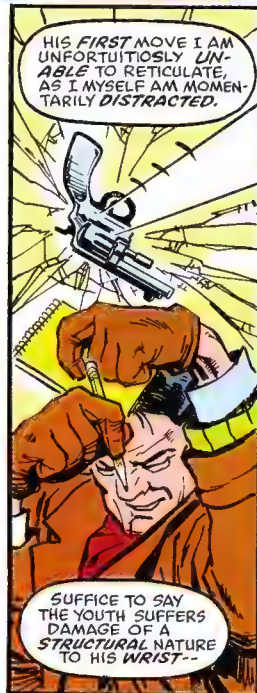
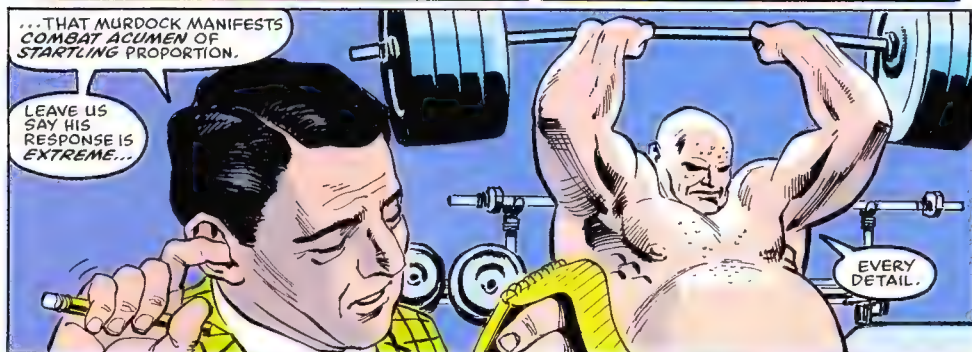
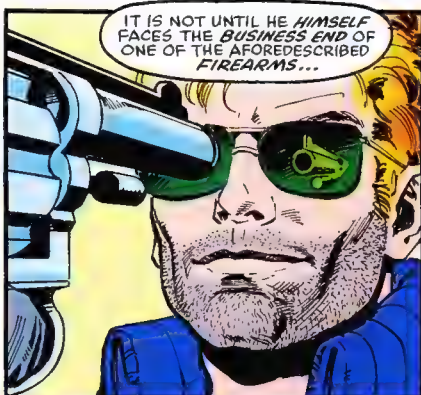


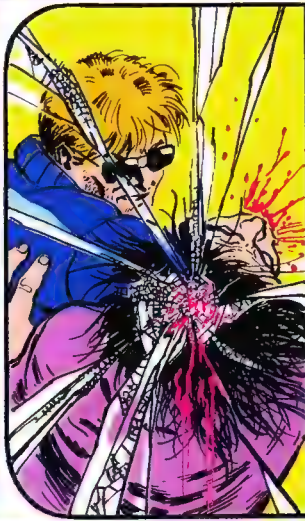
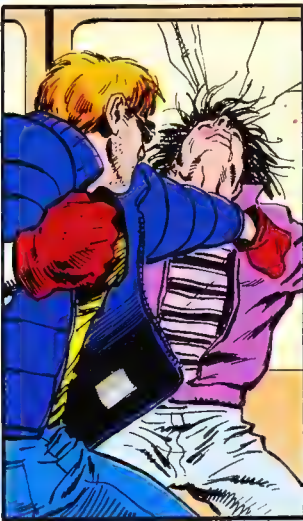
HE HUNG UP... WHAT THE
 DEVIL IS WRONG WITH
 HIM...?

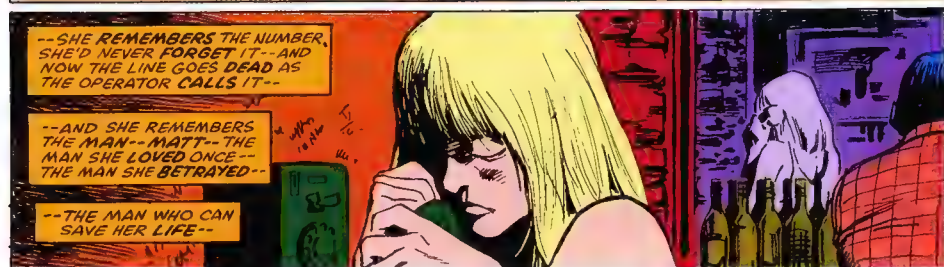
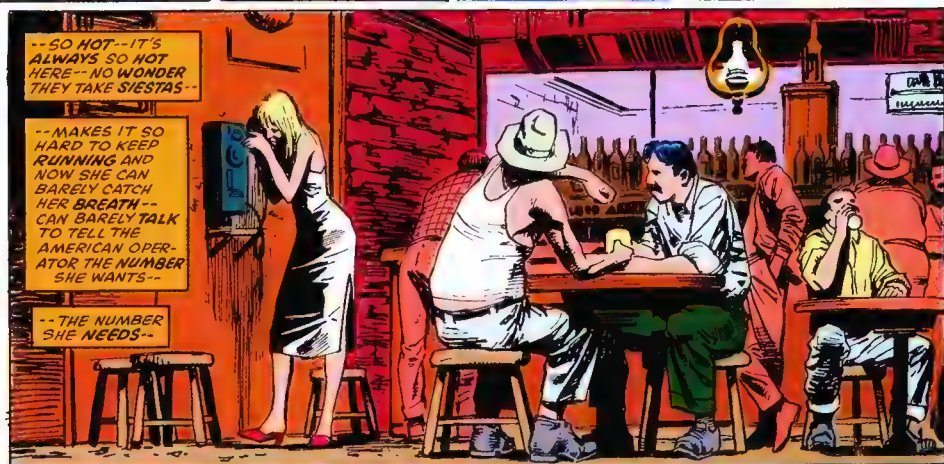


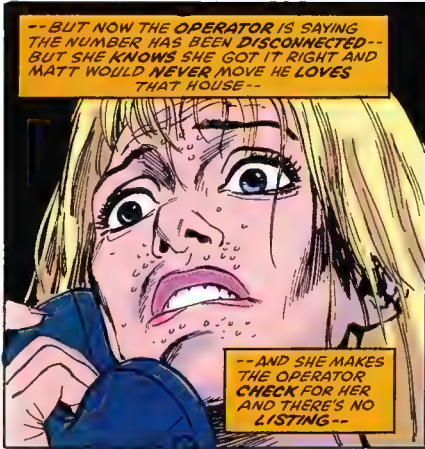










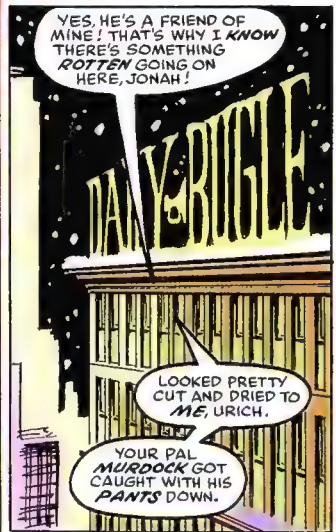
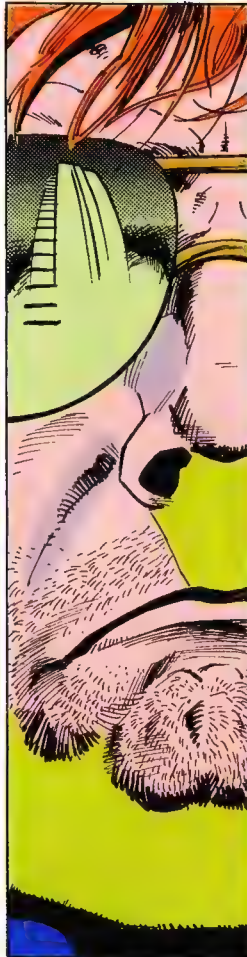


-- BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

-- AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING--



-- THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN--



YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

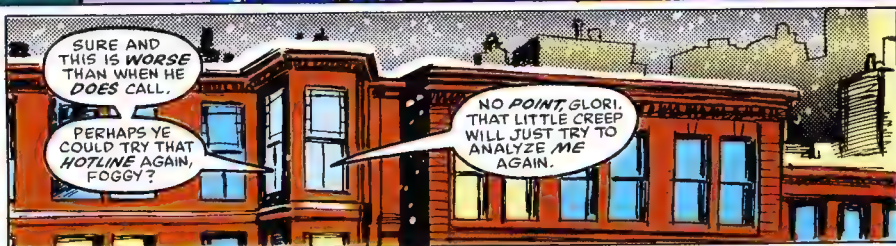
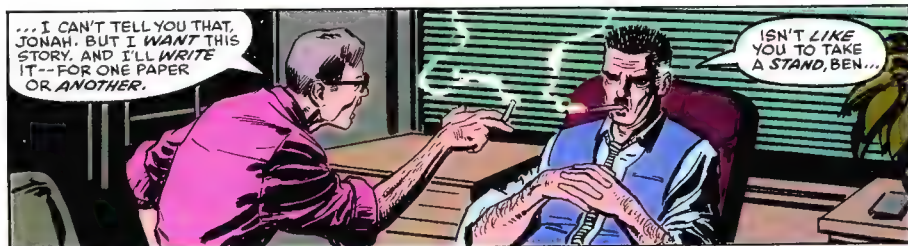
LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO ME, URICH.

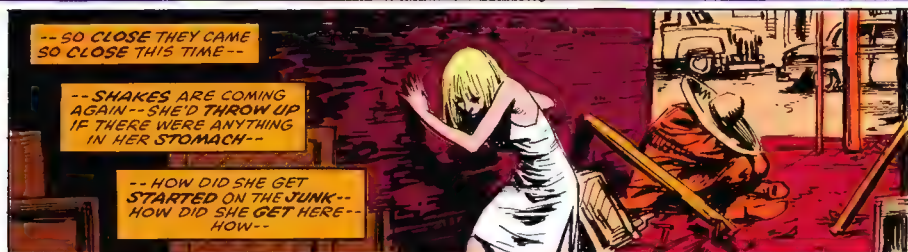
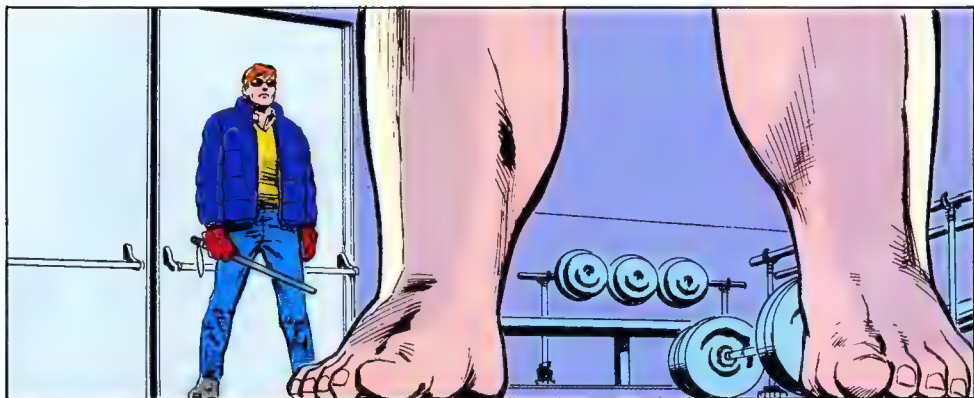
YOUR PAL MURDOCK GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN.

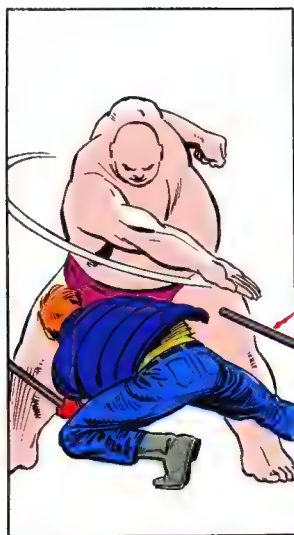


MATT'S STRAIGHT, JONAH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW STRAIGHT. THIS IS A FRAME-- BY THE KINGPIN.

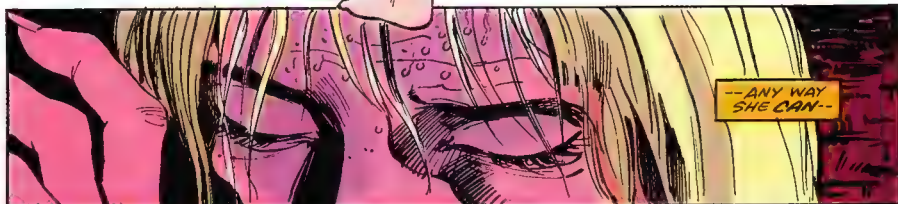
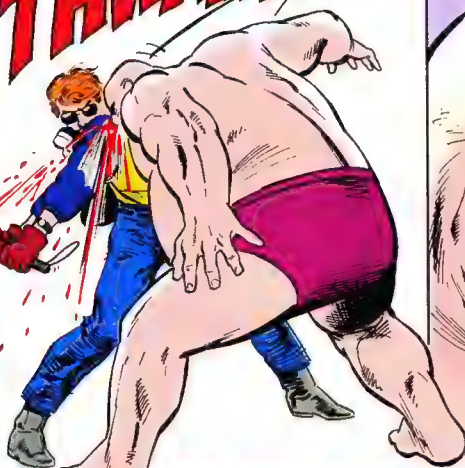
THE KINGPIN? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A BLIND LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE KINGPIN?



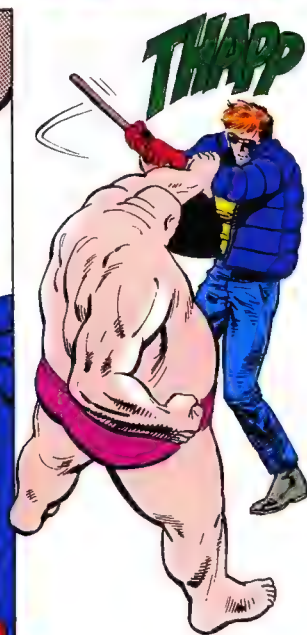
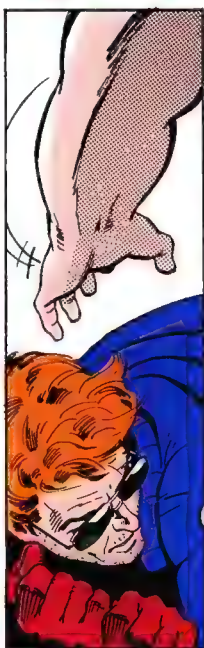
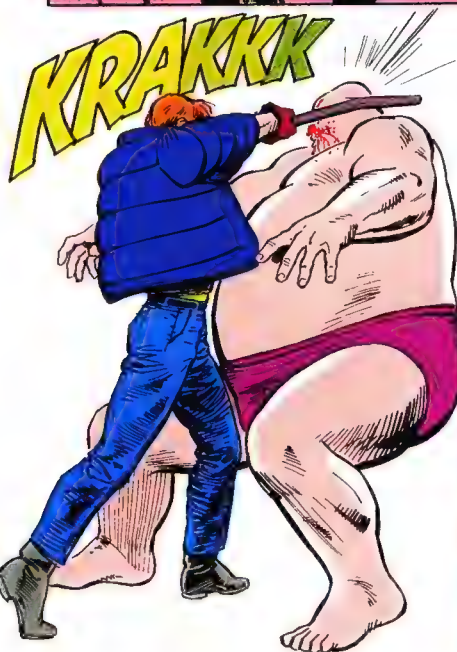


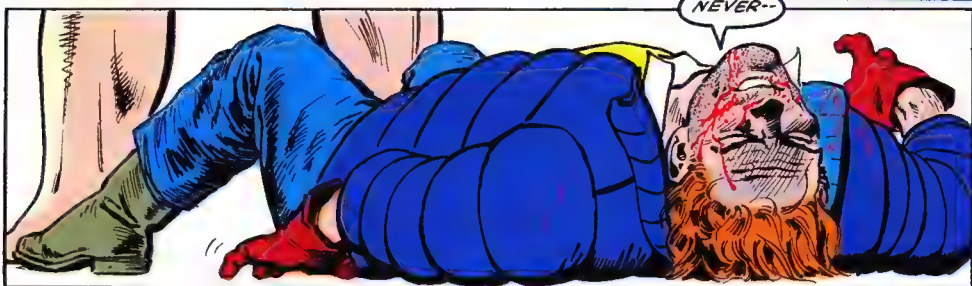



THWAKK



-- ANY WAY
SHE CAN --








IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.


MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...



...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.



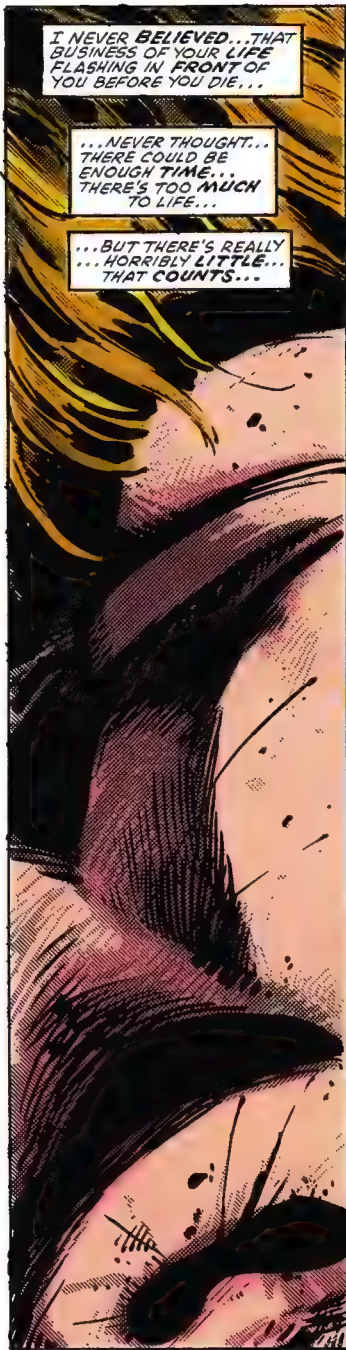
DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION... OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SMUGGERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...





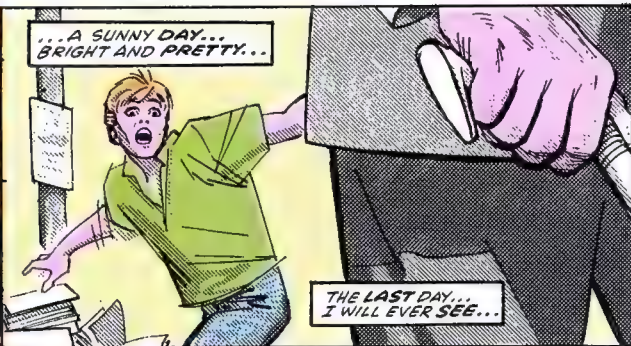




I NEVER BELIEVED... THAT
BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE
FLASHING IN FRONT OF
YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

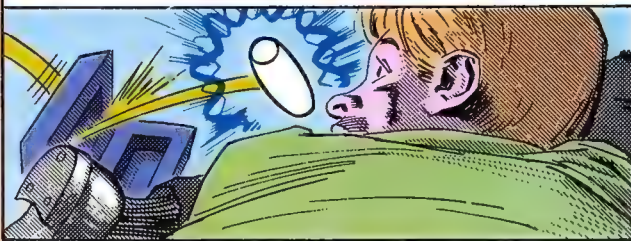
... NEVER THOUGHT...
THERE COULD BE
ENOUGH TIME...
THERE'S TOO MUCH
TO LIVE...

... BUT THERE'S REALLY
... HORRIBLY LITTLE...
THAT COUNTS...



... A SUNNY DAY...
BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY...
I WILL EVER SEE...



-- BRAVEST
THING I EVER SAW!
BUT HIS FACE--
HIS EYES...

THAT THING
THAT FELL FROM
THE TRUCK-- IS IT--

LOOK AT
HIS FACE--

-- THAT THING--
IS IT--

-- IS IT
RADIOACTIVE?

YES...



...YES. IT COURSES
THROUGH MY BLOOD.
IT CHANGES ME.

MY BLOOD...
IT BURNS...

...IT SPURTS FROM A HEART
THAT'S POUNDING SO LOUDLY
IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM
MY CHEST--

-- MY BLOOD-- IT GUSHES
THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES
AND SLAMS AGAINST THE
BASE OF MY SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I AM.

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY SKIN EVERY
TIME I MOVE-- NO-- NOT SANDPAPER--
SHEETS-- STARCHED SHEETS--

--I'M IN A BED--
SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE SMELLS...

... CHEMICAL SMELLS.
DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL. I'M IN
A HOSPITAL.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAM-
ING HINGES. PEOPLE COME AND GO,
SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF
SWEAT-- SMELLING LIKE EATEN FOOD
--LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-
DIGESTED EGGS--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP
NEEDLES. THEY FILL ME WITH DRUGS.
BUT THE DRUGS DON'T FOOL ME.
I KNOW THEY CUT MY FACE.

I CAN FEEL IT YOU IDIOTS--
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM
FEELING IT?

EVERYTHING HURTS.



YOU CAN ONLY STAND
SO MUCH.

I WRITHE
AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN
SCREAM IS TOO LOUD
SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I
WANT IS TO
DIE...

... BUT I DON'T DIE,
SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW
SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH...
AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY
AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU
HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU---WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY
SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.


--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?



DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS
THE WORLD RED. HE
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S
ANOTHER NIGHT OF
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS
COUGHING OF SOMEONE
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN... SOFT STEPS
...A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS... MAY
NOT BE A BAD
THING. WHAT YOU
COULD DO WITH
IT...

DO...
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.
IT'S A BLESSING,
MATT.

IT'S YOURS.
YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR
SECRET. DON'T
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE
ME NOW...


WHO ARE
YOU?

LIPS, WARM... KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT--AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...

IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON...HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED
SENSES SECRET...EVEN
FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER
WHO HELPS ME
MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS
MURDERED AND I
BECOME DAREDEVIL
AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER
THINGS HAPPEN.
A HOME. A
CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER
THINGS ARE GONE
NOW SO THEY DON'T
MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN
TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND
OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY
AND TOOK EVERYTHING
AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED
HIM...

...AND HE
KILLED ME.

Stan Lee
presents

PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

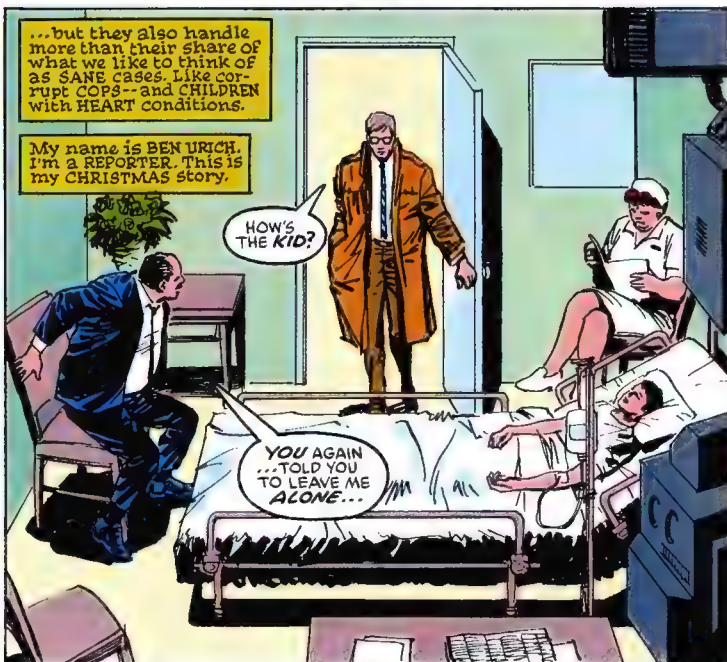
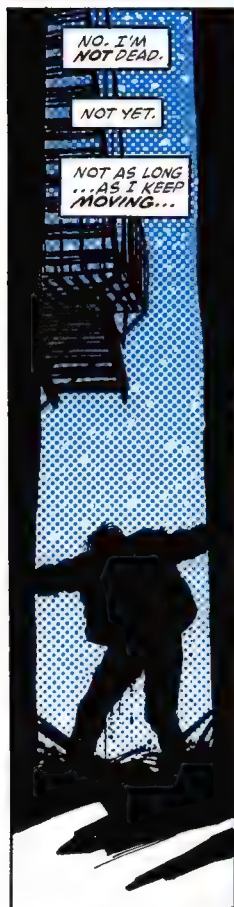
JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF





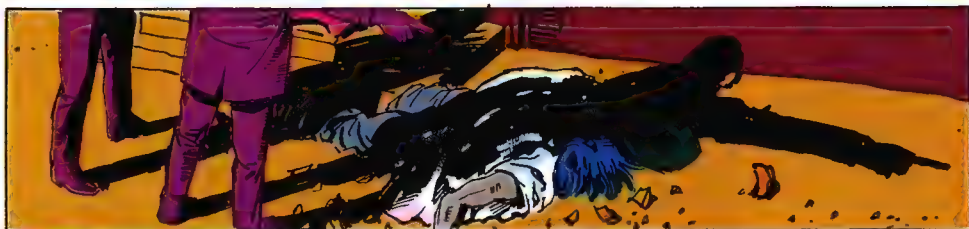






--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE
ROBBED-- BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--







I MISS YOU TOO, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S MATT-- YOU KNOW, MY PARTNER--OR AT LEAST HE USED TO BE MY PARTNER--HE'S IN A LOT OF TROUBLE. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN...



...BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE I MIGHT HEAR FROM HIM... I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND, MOM...

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING REAL WELL. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL JOB OFFERS... YES, I KNOW YOU SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR LOOKS QUITE GOOD. ALMOST TOO GOOD... NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...

...AND, WELL, IT'S NOT JUST THAT, MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE MET A GIRL... SHE'S REAL NICE...



JEEZ, TURK. I MEAN WE COULDN'T BOUGHT THE SUITS.

WITH WHAT? WE BEEN TAPPED SINCE THE KINGPIN FROZE US OUT OF WORK.

HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED, GROTTO.



I DON'T KNOW. I MEAN, SANTA CLAUS...

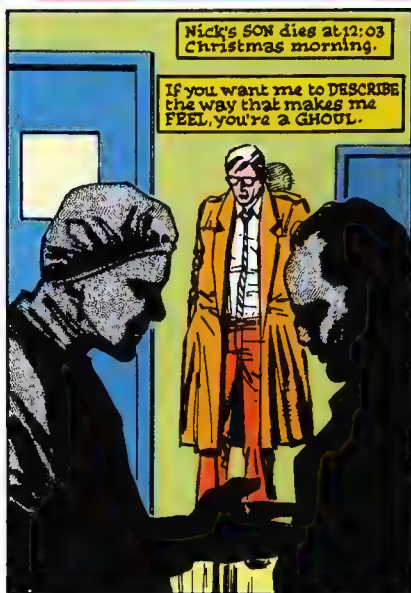
SHUT UP. NOW WE SLEPT TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE. THE RICH ONES GIVE US MONEY--AND THEY FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING RICH--AND WE FEEL BETTER ALL AROUND.

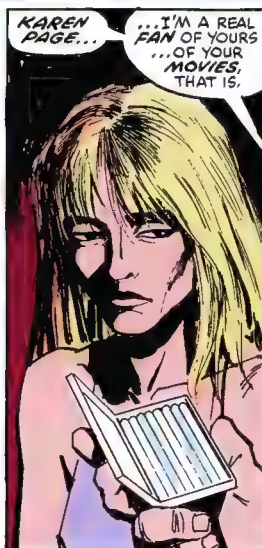
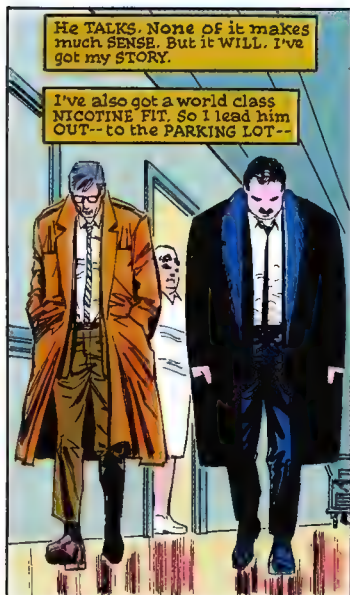
IT'S THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

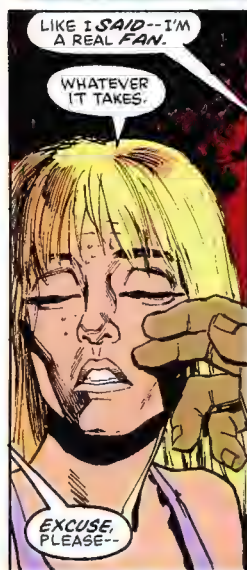
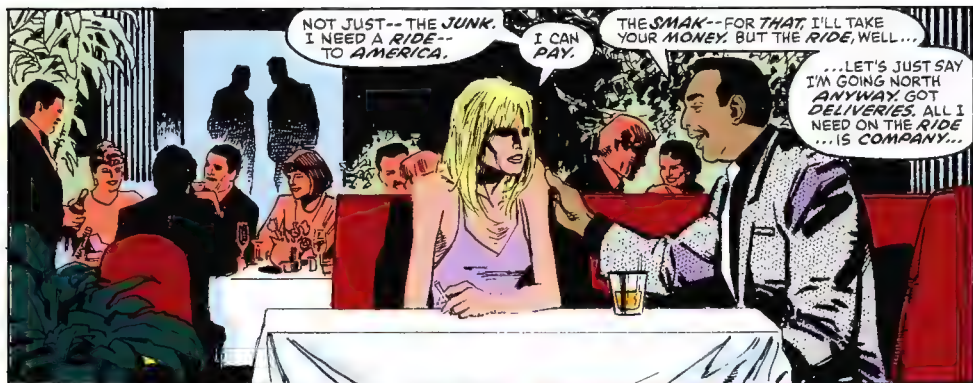
TAKE...



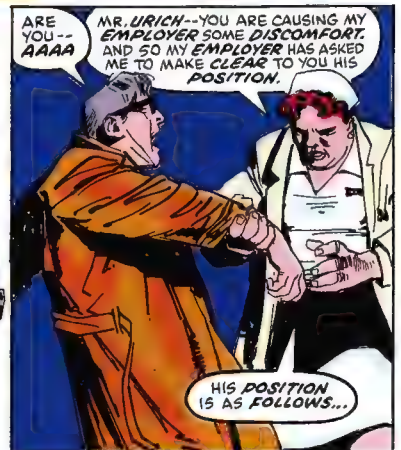
...TAKE IT OFF.













...IF YOU WERE A PUBLISHER MY EMPLOYER WOULD DESTROY YOUR PRESSES. SINCE YOU ARE MERELY A TYPIST AND IT WOULD NOT BE *PERSUASIVE* TO DESTROY YOUR TYPEWRITER--

--MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE IT *PLAIN* TO YOU THAT EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK THE NAME *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--

NNGGGG

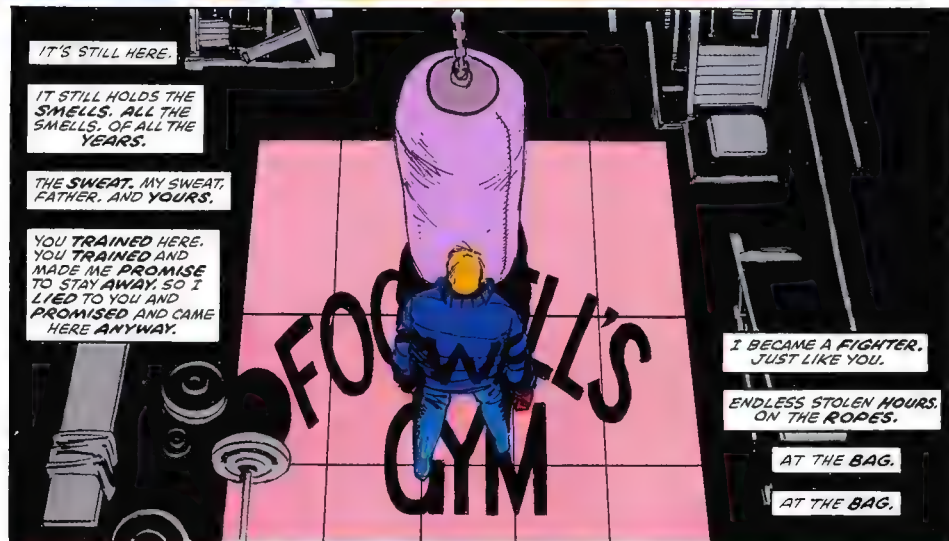


--YOU SHALL LOSE THE USE OF YOUR *FINGERS*.



The *WORST* thing is that I DON'T pass out.

I get to SEE what she does to NICK MANOLIS.



IT'S STILL HERE.

IT STILL HOLDS THE *SMELLS*. ALL THE *SMELLS*. OF ALL THE *YEARS*.

THE *SWEAT*, MY *SWEAT*, FATHER, AND *YOURS*.

YOU *TRAINED* HERE. YOU *TRAINED* AND MADE ME *PROMISE* TO STAY AWAY. SO I *LIED* TO YOU AND *PROMISED* AND CAME HERE ANYWAY.

I BECAME A FIGHTER. JUST LIKE YOU.

ENDLESS STOLEN HOURS. ON THE *ROPE*S.

AT THE *BAG*.

AT THE *BAG*.

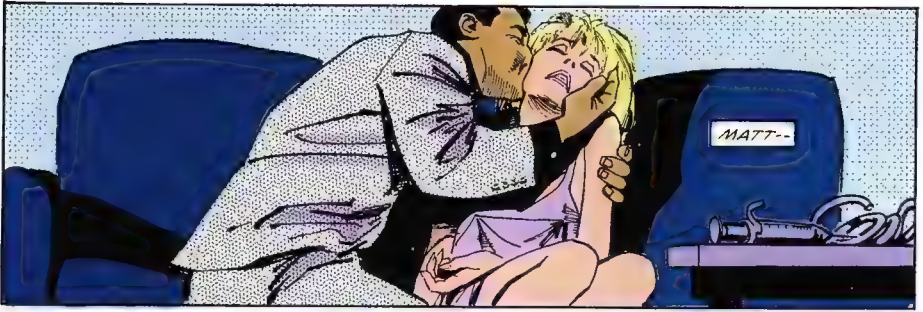
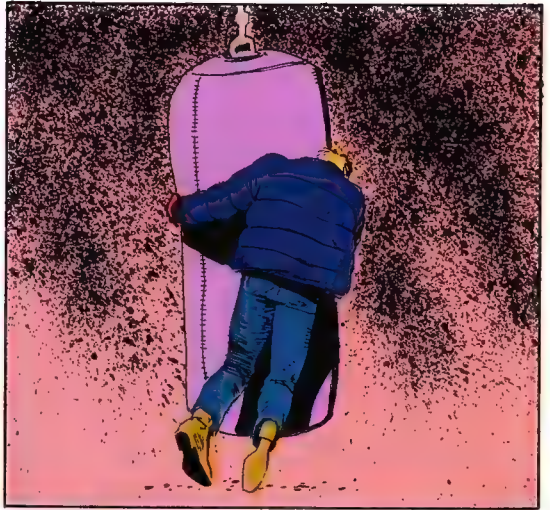


ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE YOU MADE ME *PROMISE*.

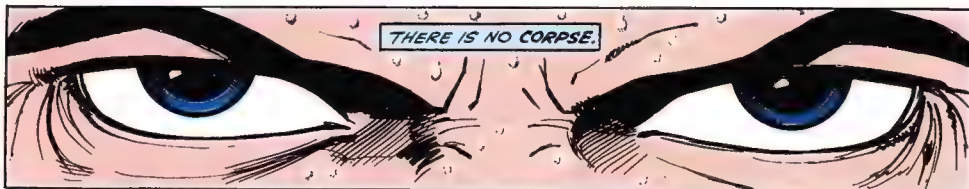
THE ONLY JOY I HAD, I COULD NEVER *SHARE* IT.

NOW EVERY OTHER PART OF ME IS *DEAD*.

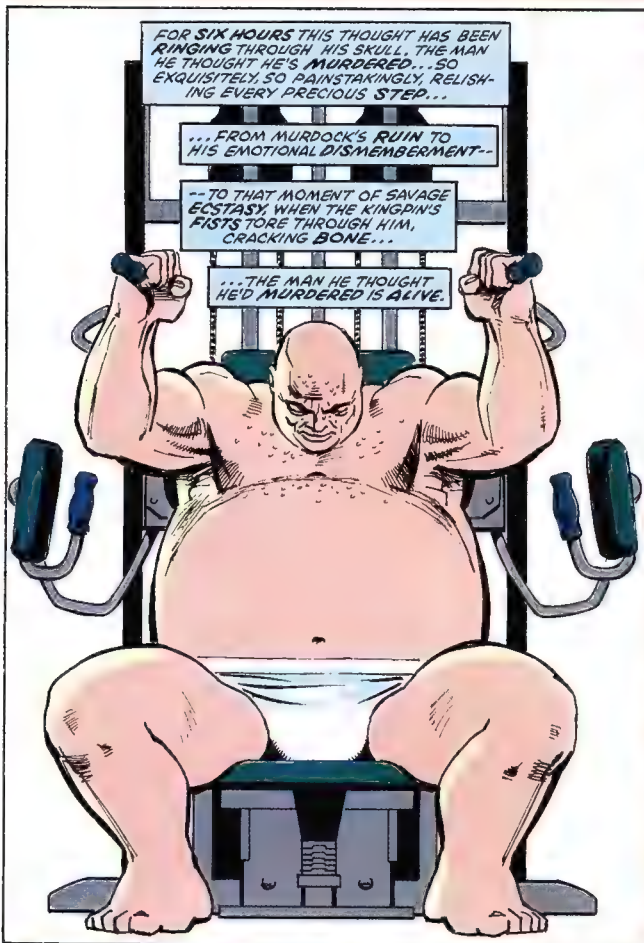
ONLY THE *FIGHTER* LIVES.







THERE IS NO CORPSE.

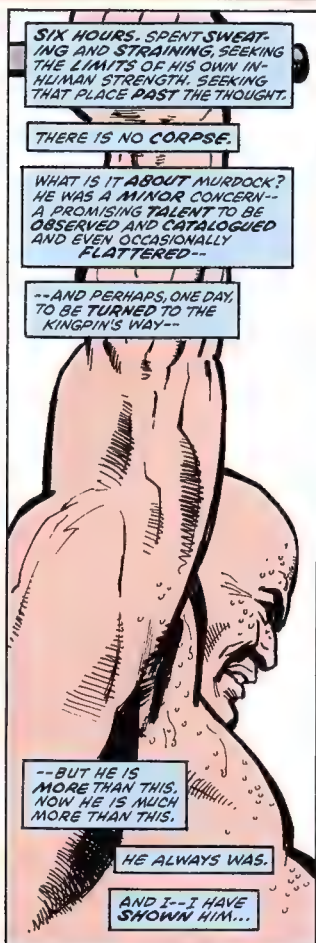


FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL. THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED...SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.



SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN IN-HUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

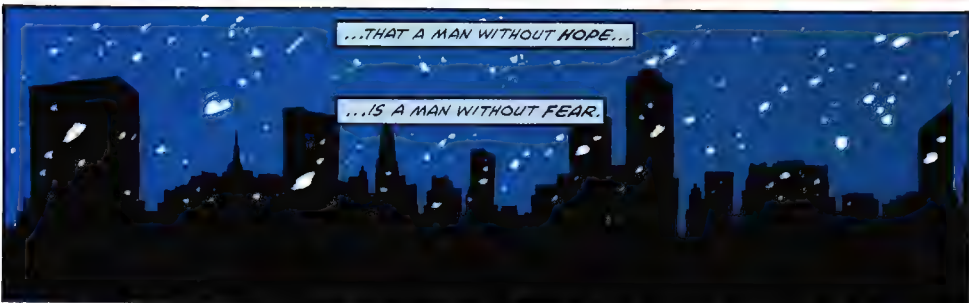
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN--A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--

--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM...



...THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE...

...IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.



NO HEARTBEAT.
HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE
CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY *HATED* ME.

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERY-
THING *AWAY* FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE
ONLY ONE.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE
FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.
AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS
STABBED ME WITH A
KNIFE AND--

--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL
TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST
DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

SMALL TIME HOOD.
WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE--HE'S
ALIVE--



STAN LEE presents

BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE BREEZE IS COOL.
SHE'S IN AMERICA.
KAREN PAGE ALLOWS
HERSELF TO HOPE.

NOT TOO OFTEN
SHE WHISPERS
THE NAME--
QUIETLY, FACING
AWAY FROM HER
COMPANION--
THE NAME THAT
MEANS HOPE.

MATT.

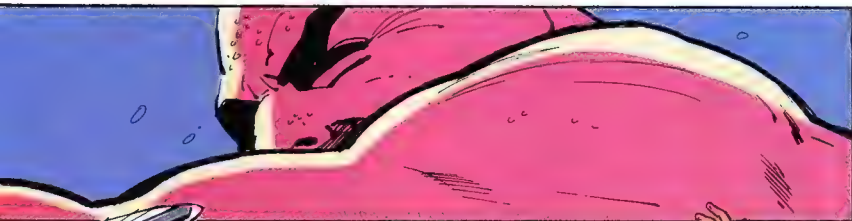
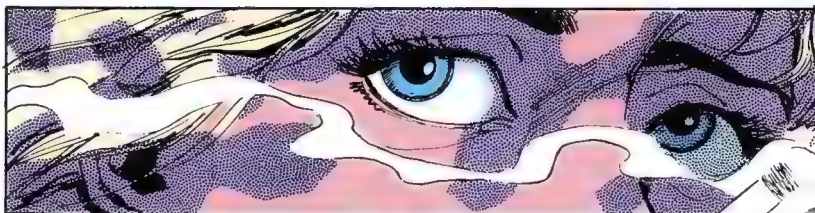
MATT-- SHE BE-
TRAYED HIM-- SOLD
HIS DEEPEST SECRET
FOR A FIX--

--TOLD A MAN THAT
MATT IS DAREDEVIL--
AND THE MAN TOLD
OTHER MEN-- AND THE
OTHER MEN ARE TRYING
TO KILL KAREN PAGE--

--BUT SHE'LL MAKE
IT TO NEW YORK.
SHE'LL FIND MATT
BEFORE THE KILLERS
FIND HER.

MATT WILL SAVE HER.

HE HAS TO.



TOO OFTEN, HE
THINKS THE NAME.

MURDOCK.



HE IS THE KINGPIN.
HE IS THE LORD OF
CRIME. HE DESTROYED
MATT MURDOCK--
ROBBED HIM OF HIS
CAREER, HIS HOME,
OF EVERYTHING
THAT CONSTITUTED
HIS LIFE.

BUT MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.
SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.

Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

Franklin Nelson



FUNNY--MY HAND SHOOK WHEN I SIGNED. GUESS IT WAS THE SALARY.

HONESTLY, GLORI, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEY'D PAY ME SO MUCH UNTIL I SAW IT WRITTEN DOWN.

SURE AND YOU DESERVE IT, FOGGY.

IT'S TWICE WHAT MATT AND ME EVER MADE TOGETHER, MATT... HOW LONG'S HE BEEN MISSING NOW?...

ELEVEN DAYS.

AND SIX HOURS.

I don't even THINK of his NAME.

He doesn't EXIST. They CONVINCED me of THAT.

I went LOOKING for him. Talked to a crooked COP who helped FRAME him. They sicced a NURSE the size of your average TRUCK on us. She broke most of the BONES in the cop's BODY.

ME she went LIGHT on. Settled for breaking my FINGERS.

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I don't even THINK of his NAME.



WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT YOUNGER, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE **GARBAGE**.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN **WHY**, BUT I CAN **SMELL** AND **HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANY **BODY**.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO **LEARN** ABOUT **MATT MURDOCK**.



EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE IS **GONE**, EXCEPT THE **LESSON** I LEARNED FROM MY **FATHER**.

NEVER
GIVE UP.

NEVER.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, NEW YORK IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. FOR KAREN PAGE, IT'S PENN STATION, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED PAULO TO DROP HER OFF **HERE**.

SHE'D PAID HER WAY-- EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED HER TO. SHE OWES HIM NOTHING.

SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE **JUNK**-- AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS. BUT THERE'S ONLY **ONE** MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH **NOW**--

-- SHE'LL EVEN **QUIT** THE **JUNK** SHE **SWEARS** SHE WILL--

--SO SHE SAYS **GOOD-BYE** TO PAULO WITH A **KISS** AS FINAL **PAYMENT**.

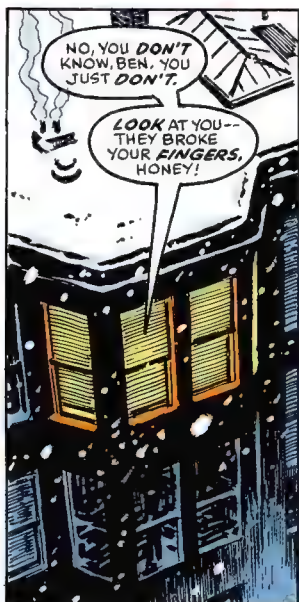
IT'S THE **LONG** KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE **LEARNED** MAKING **MOVIES** FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A **PRO** ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T **ENOUGH** FOR HIM.

PENNSYLVANIA STATION







THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

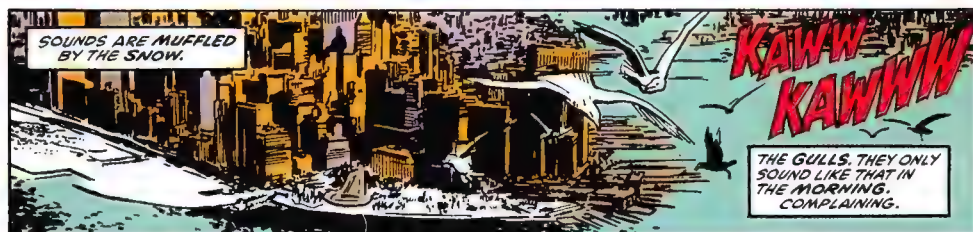
I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.



THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

--THAT STENCH--EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE--I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

--CAN'T STAND IT--MOVE FURTHER OUT...



SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

**KAWW
KAWWW**

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.



BEEP HONK HONK BEEP BEEP HONNNNNNK

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING. I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.



EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

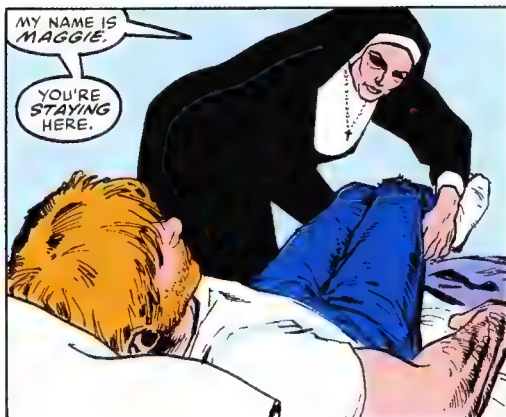
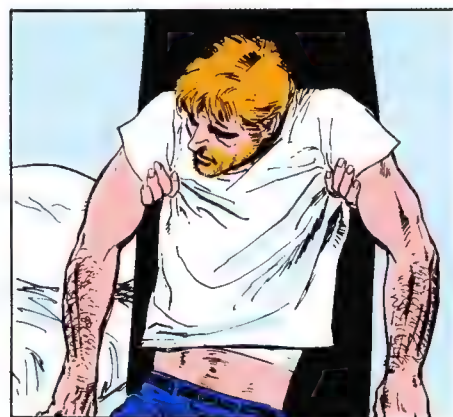
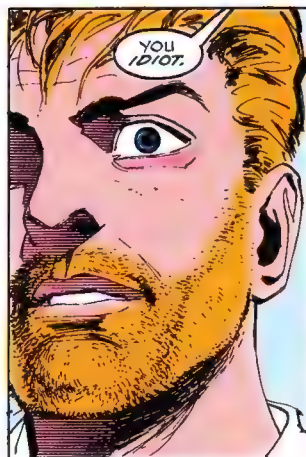
HELL'S KITCHEN. I GREW UP HERE.

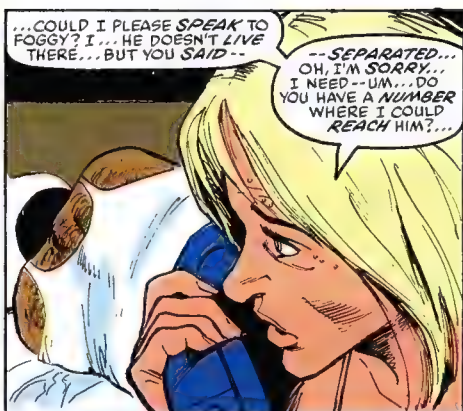
BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?

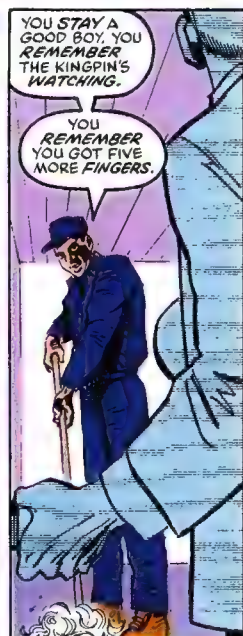
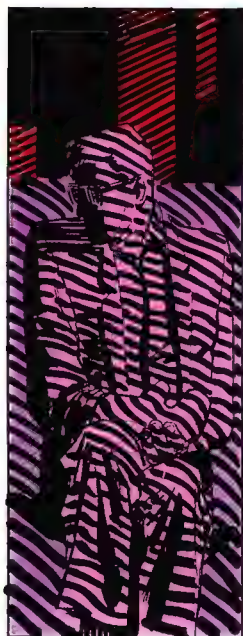
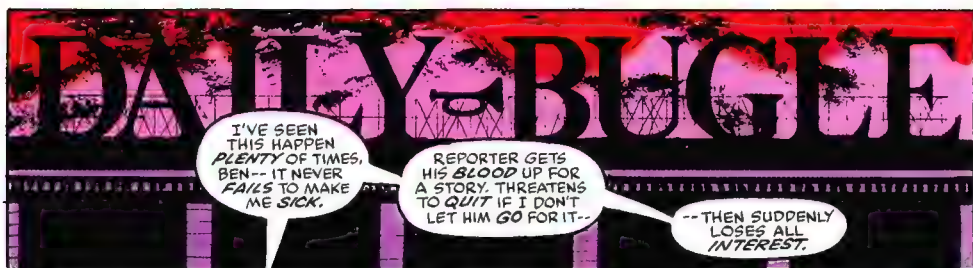


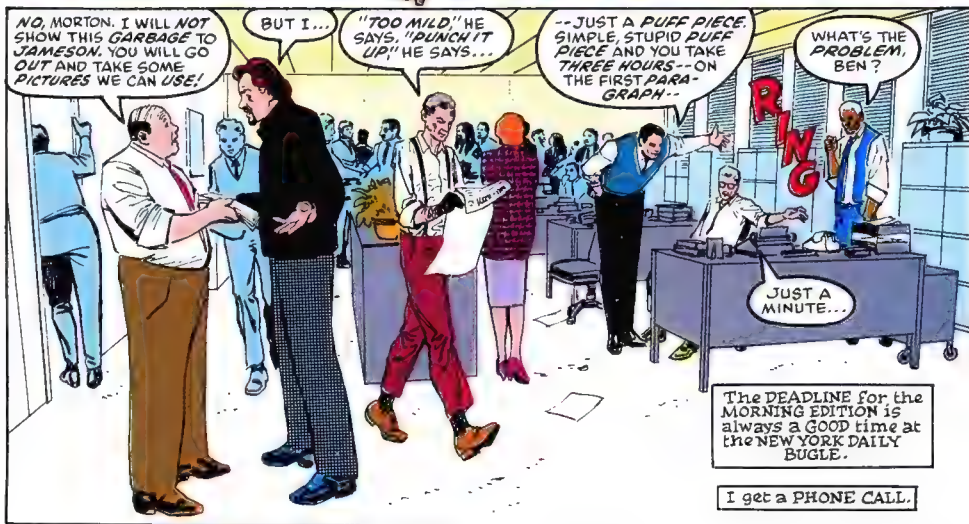
**BONG BONG
BONG BONG**

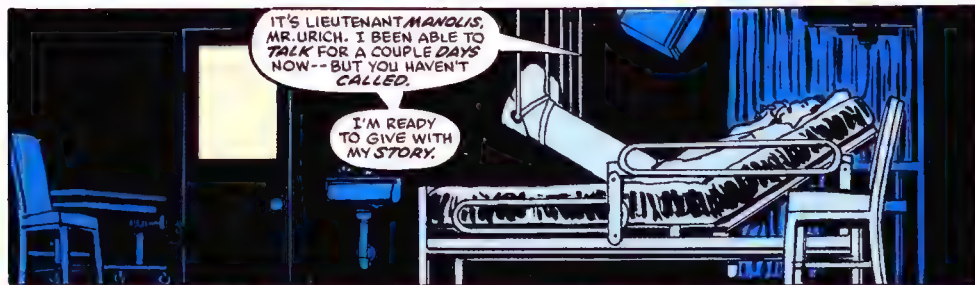
WHOA.

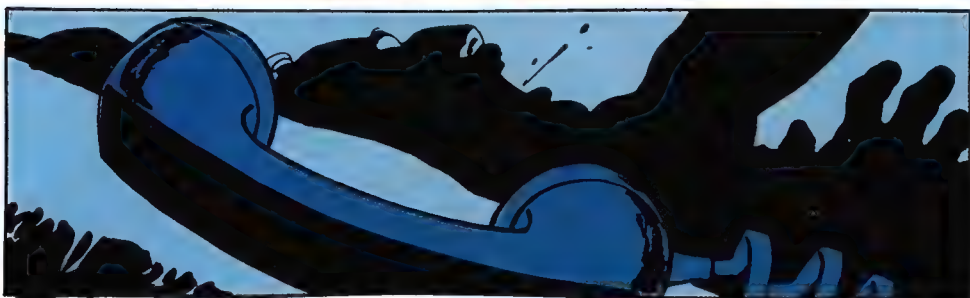


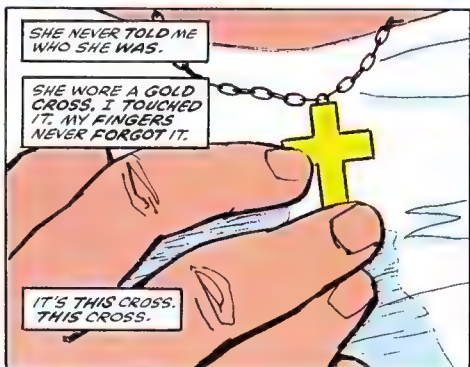
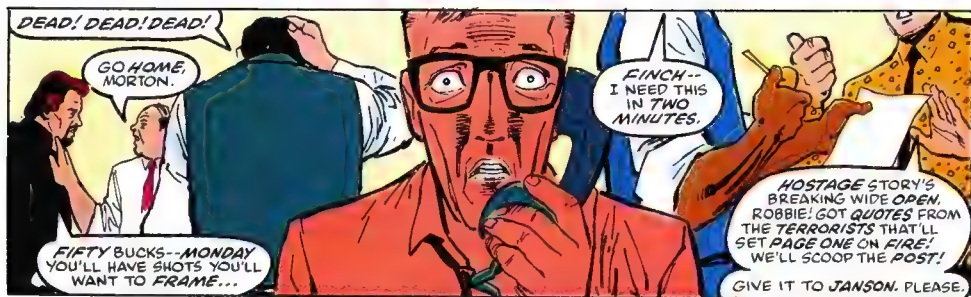


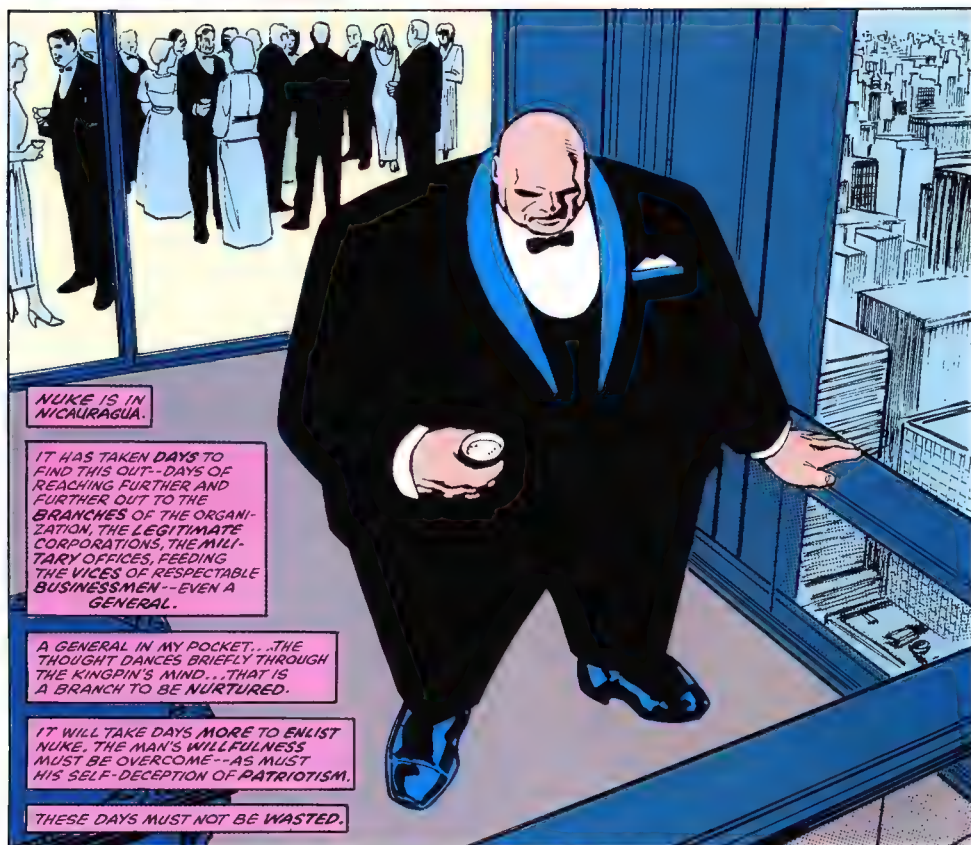
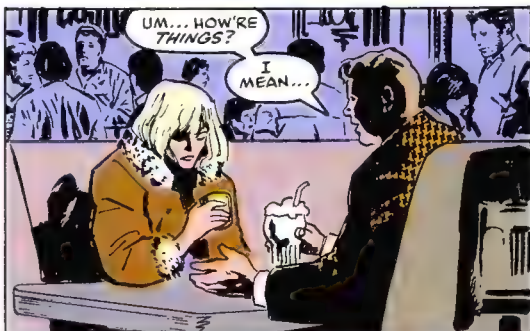


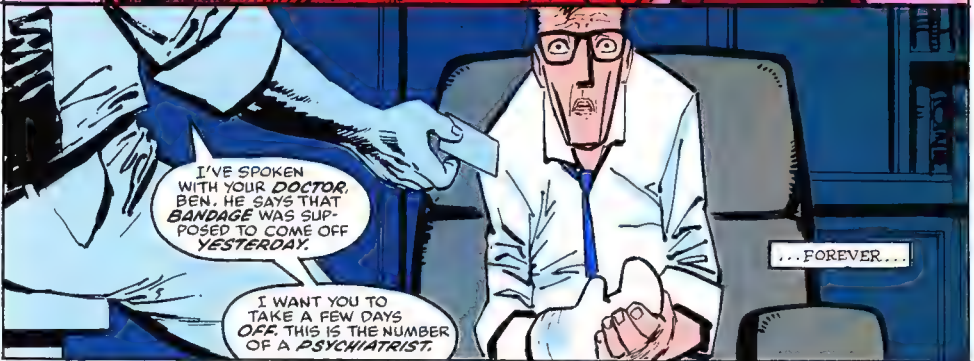




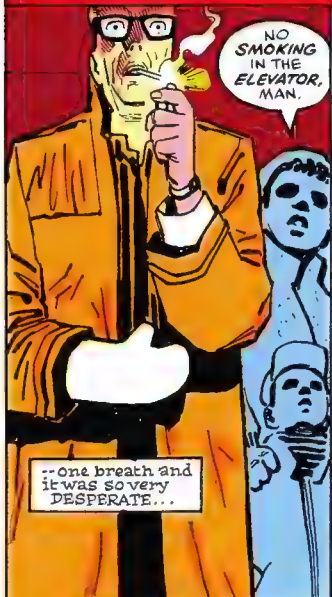








...Nick GURGLed like
a CLOGGED DRAIN...
Somewhere in the
MIDDLE of it he caught
a single raspy BREATH--



NO
SMOKING
IN THE
ELEVATOR,
MAN.

--one breath and
it was so very
DESPERATE...

TEMPERATURE... MUST BE
AROUND A HUNDRED AND
THREE NOW...

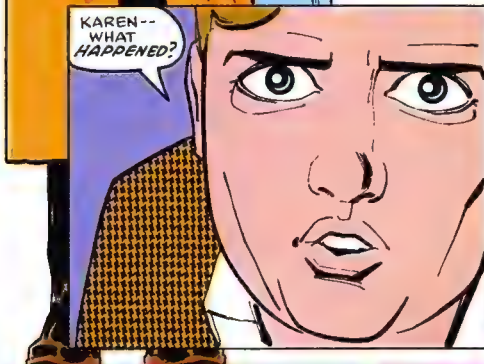


...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET...
FOR SWIMMING IN THE
EAST RIVER... SLEEPING
IN THE STREET...



PNEUMONIA...
STUPID WAY TO DIE...

KAREN--
WHAT
HAPPENED?



I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, FOGGY.

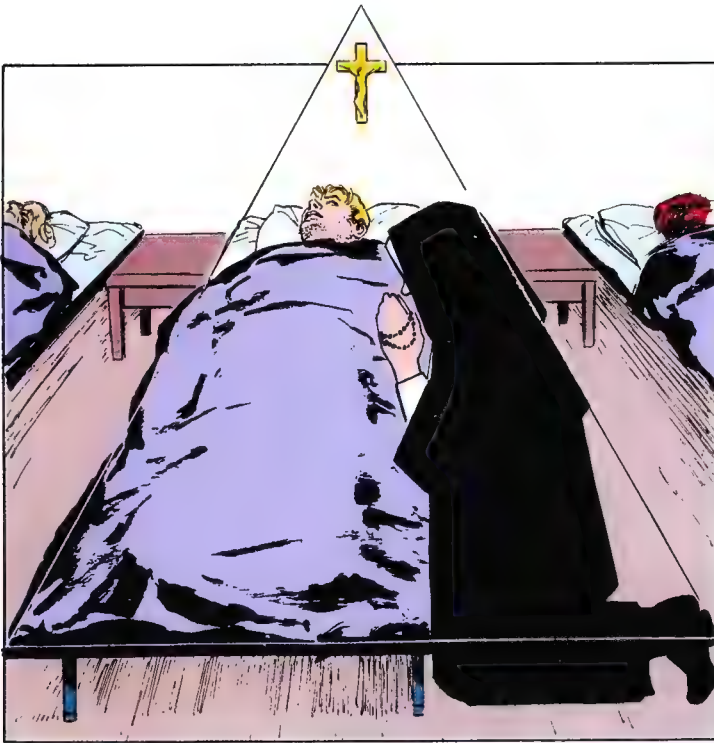


...and finally,
the RATTLE.









THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM.
NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN
STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO
MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY
CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH
TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S
SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE
SHOWN YOUR WAY. THEN
HE WILL RISE AS YOUR
OWN AND BRING LIGHT
TO THIS POISONED CITY.
HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR
OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR
HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED
FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

IF I AM TO BE CAST
INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

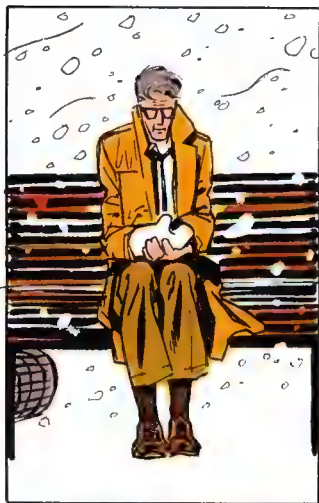


BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.





DOWNTOWN...

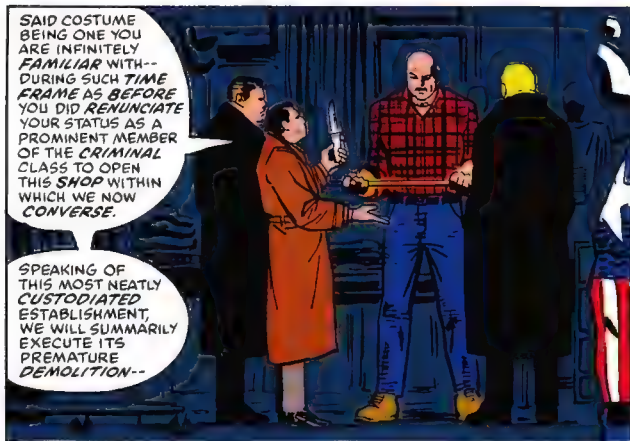
COSTUMES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIET

I DON'T LIKE IT. I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, FELIX.

AND THE KINGPIN IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT COSTUMES. I AM HERETOWITH COMMISSIONING FROM YOURSELF A COSTUME.



SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY FAMILIAR WITH-- DURING SUCH TIME FRAME AS BEFORE YOU DID RENUNCIATE YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS TO OPEN THIS SHOP WITHIN WHICH WE NOW CONVERSE.

SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY CUSTODIATED ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE DEMOLITION--



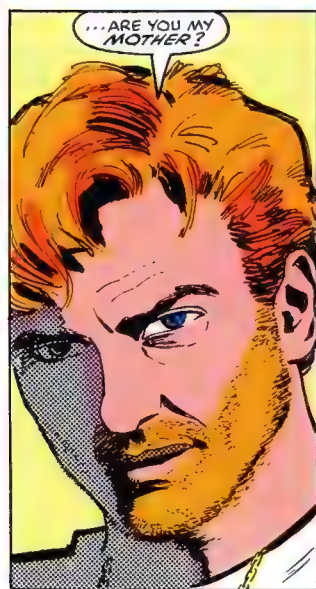
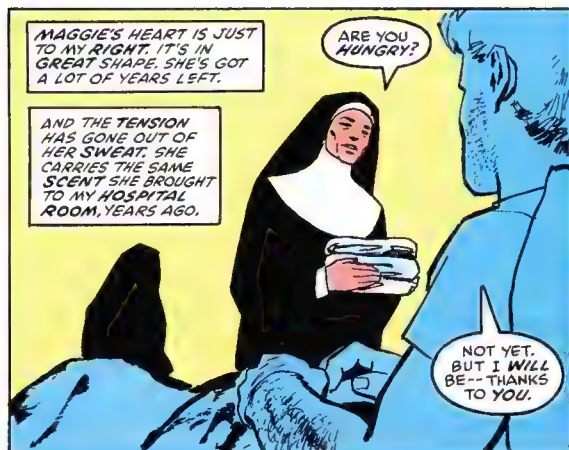
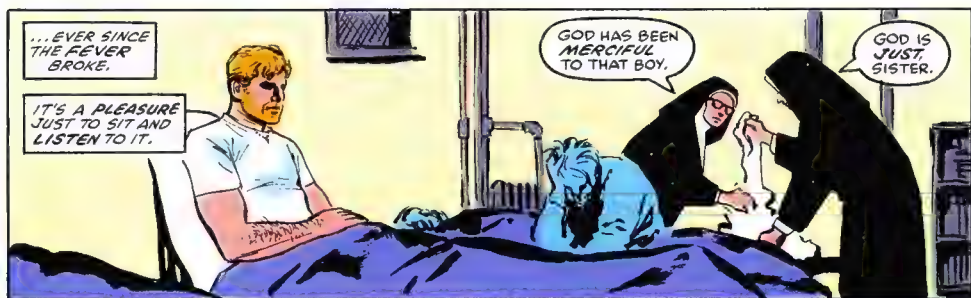
--NOT TO MENTION THE REMOVAL OF YOUR MOST VALUED BODY PARTS--

-- SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE FAIL TO RENDER UNTO US A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE UNIFORM OF A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

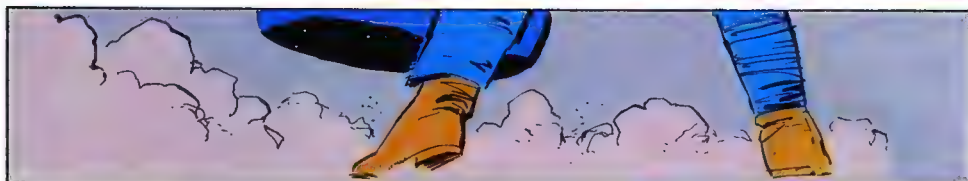
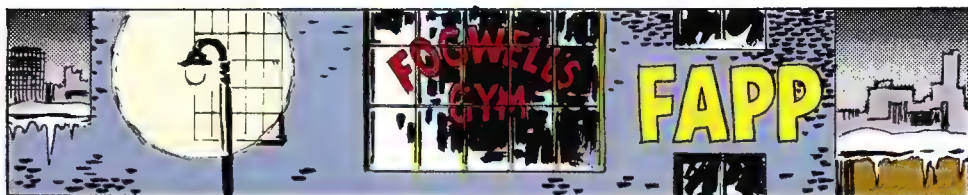


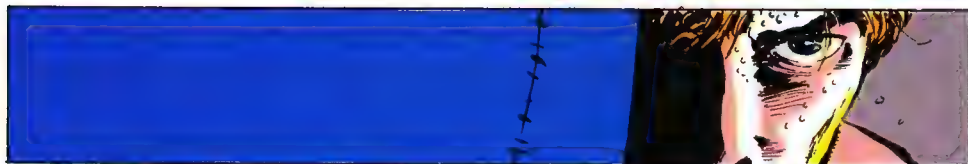
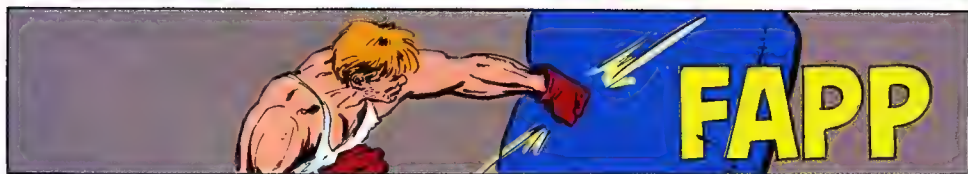
A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

MINE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS SLOWED DOWN CONSIDERABLY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS...









STAN LEE presents

SAVED



by
FRANK MILLER and
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE	COLORS
JOE ROSEN	LETTERS
RALPH MACCHIO	EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER	EDITOR IN CHIEF



My name is BEN URlich.
I'm a REPORTER.

It took them TWENTY MINUTES to take down my STATEMENT on the murder of police Lieutenant NICK MANOLIS.

That was THREE HOURS ago.

For the RECORD, we were on recitation number FIFTEEN when my skull became a bowl OF FARINA.

...NICK WAS GOING TO CONFESS THAT HE HELPED THE KINGPIN FRAME MATT MURDOCK.

THE KINGPIN HAD NICK KILLED TO SHUT HIM UP.

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY THE KINGPIN HAS IT IN FOR MURDOCK...



I start thinking about MATT just to keep my BRAIN busy.

MATT...they'd put me in the DRUNK TANK if I tried to to tell them about YOU...

...about how you were struck across the eyes and BLINDED by a radioactive ISO-TOPE -- how your remaining SENSES were HEIGHTENED.

Suppose I TOLD them, Matt, that you can tell if someone's LYING by the sound of a HEARTBEAT?

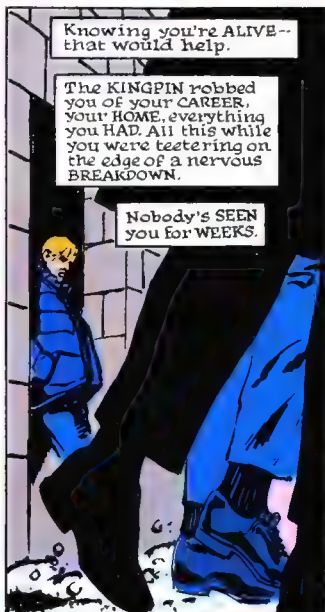


That you can READ a printed PAGE by FEELING the impression of the INK with your FINGER-TIPS...



The Kingpin of Crime

A Six Part Series by Ben Urich



...no, I don't tell them all THAT. But whatever I DO say is enough to convince them to graft a six foot SWEDE to my hip.

I wish I could tell you I feel SAFER with officer HEGERSFORS.

It's not like having YOU along, MATT. Nothing is.

Knowing you're ALIVE-- that would help.

The KINGPIN robbed you of your CAREER, your HOME, everything you HAD. All this while you were teetering on the edge of a nervous BREAKDOWN.

Nobody's SEEN you for WEEKS.

PLEASE TO UNDERSTAND, LOIS, ALL CONSUMED ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE MANOLIS AFFAIR. I MYSELF DID MAKE THE KINGPIN AWARE OF YOUR AFOREMENTIONED EPTITUDE.

BE THIS AS IT MIGHT, YOU HAVE KILLED A COP--

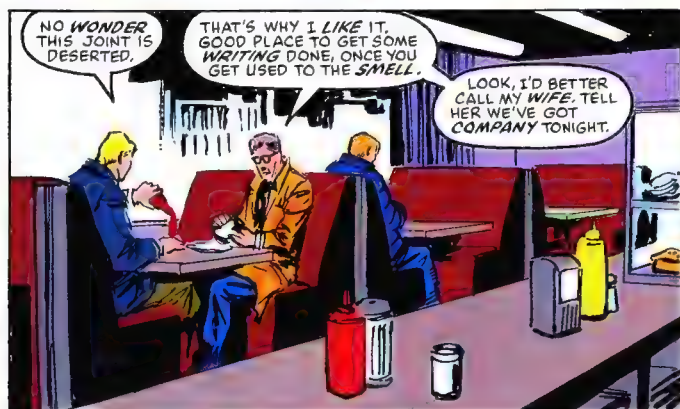
AND I DID A FINE JOB OF IT! FOR THIS I'M RELOCATED-- TO ARIZONA?

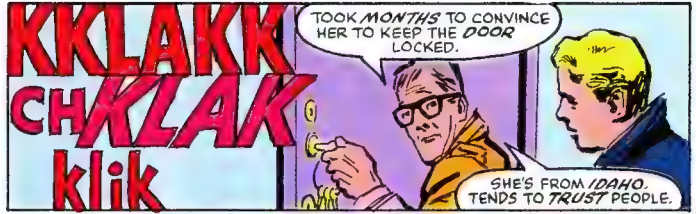
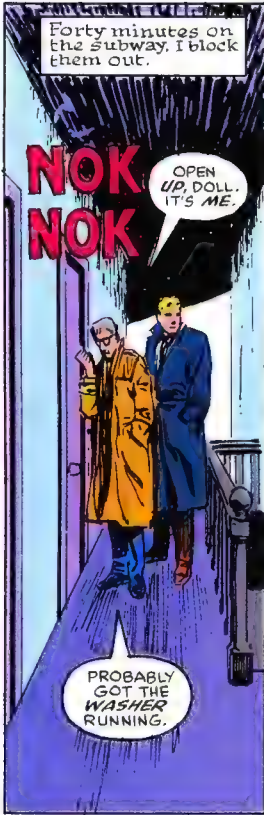
WHAT, PRAY TELL, AM I TO DO WITH MYSELF IN ARIZONA?

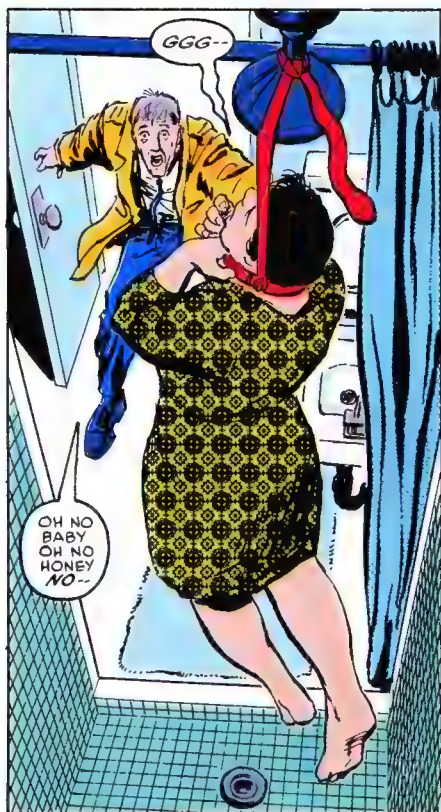
I ASSURE YOU THIS DISPLACEMENT IS OF A TEMPORARY NATURE. URICH'S SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF GUTS IS CAUSE FOR ORGANIZATION-WIDE CONCERN--

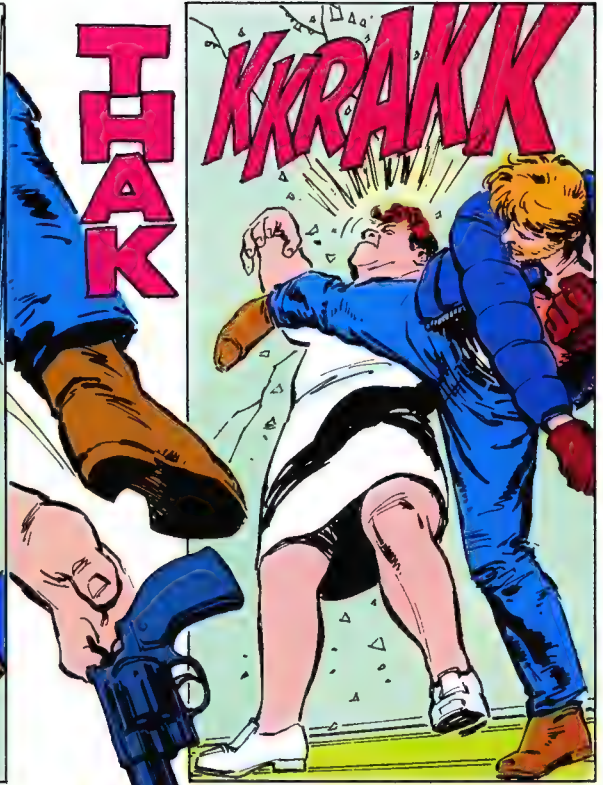
IF MR. URICH IS THE PROBLEM--

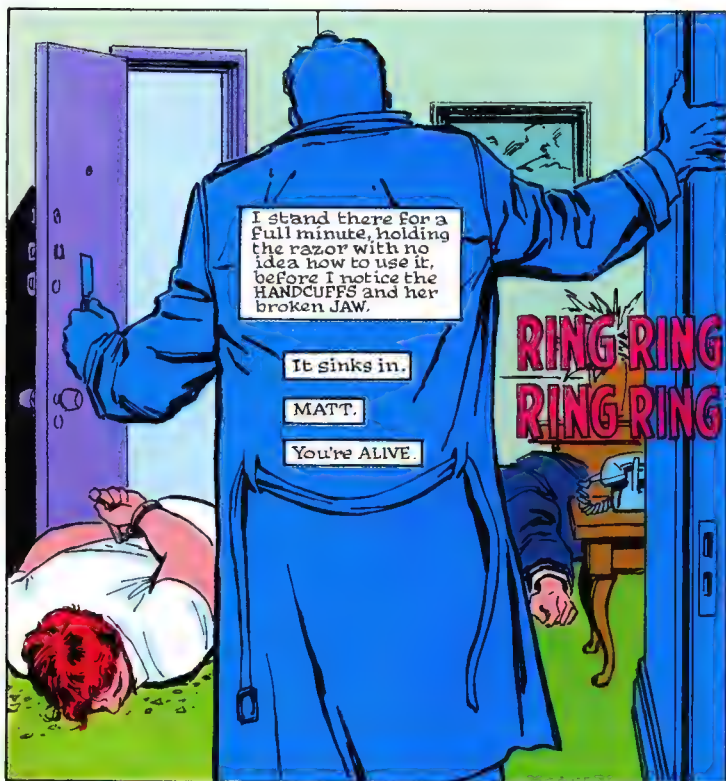
--LET ME RELOCATE HIM.

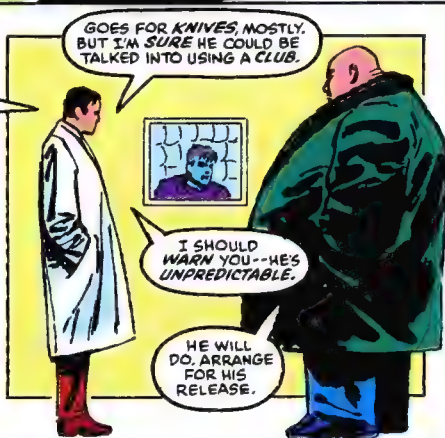


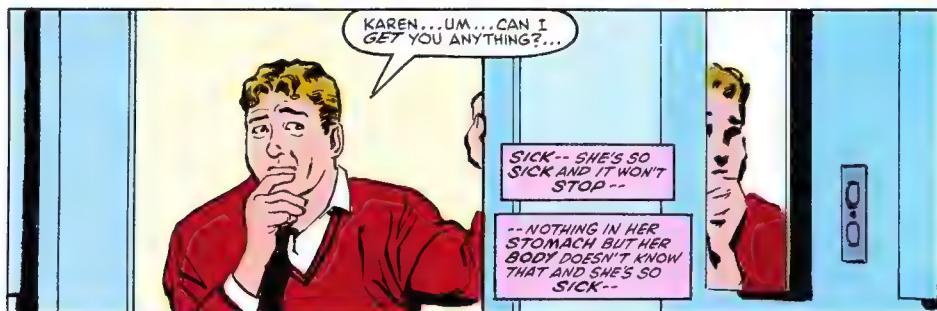
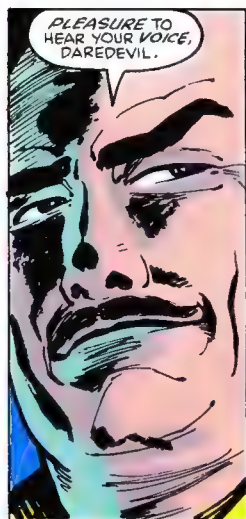
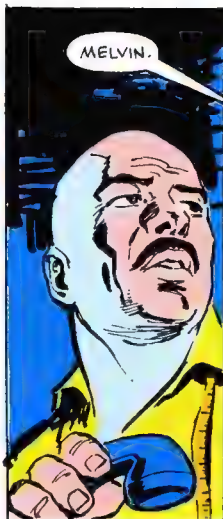


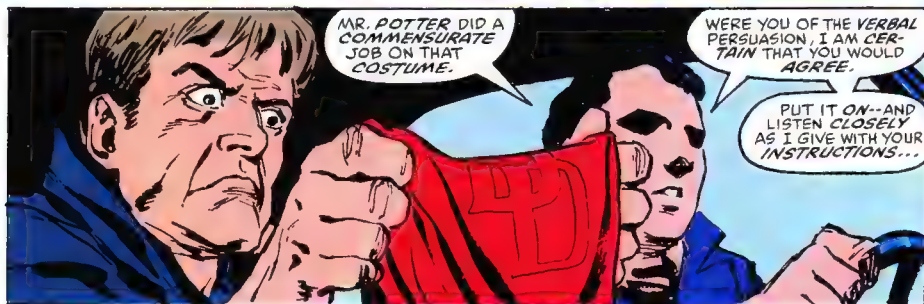
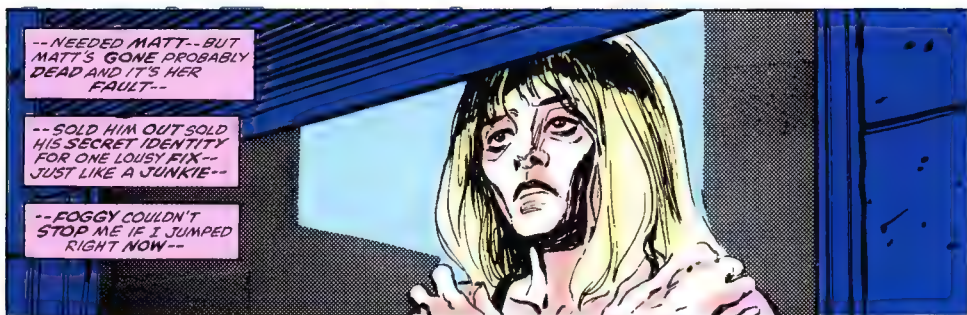


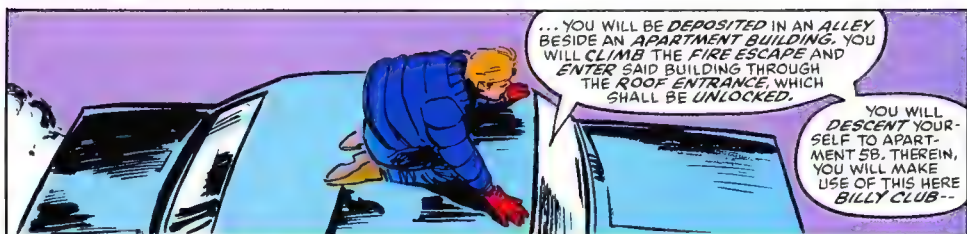


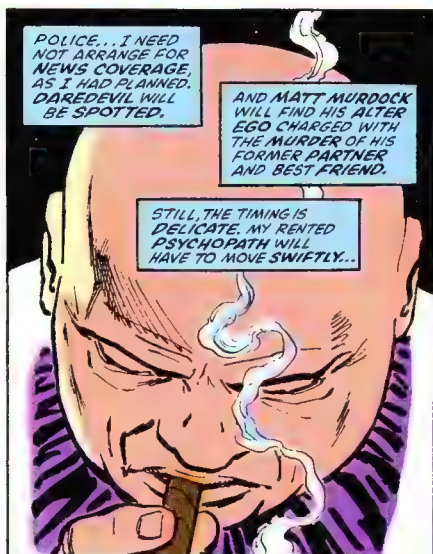




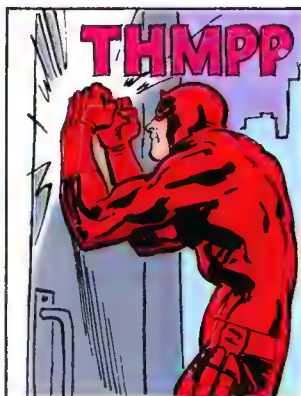
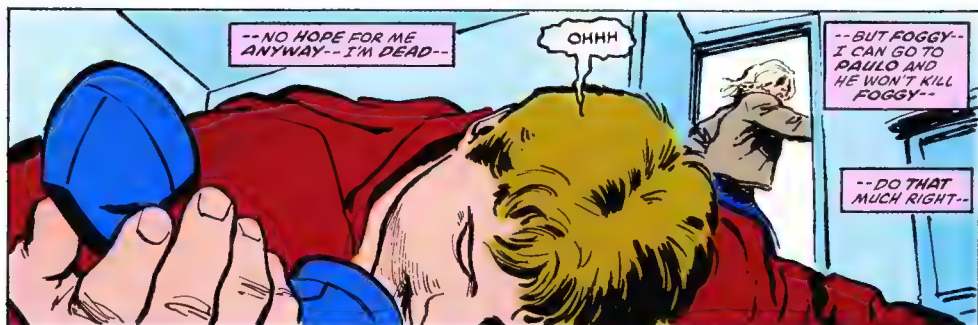




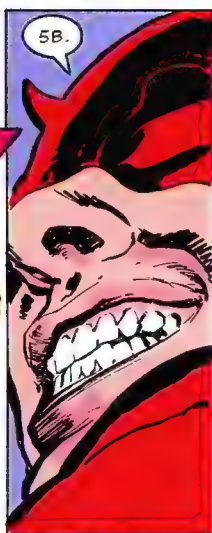
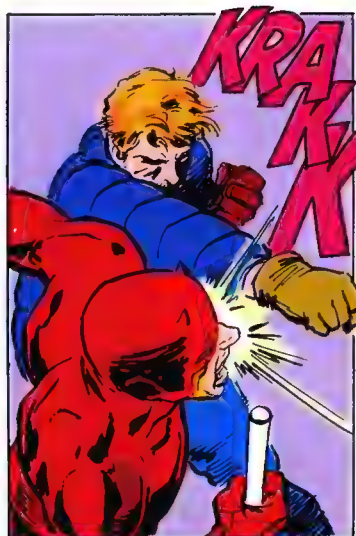


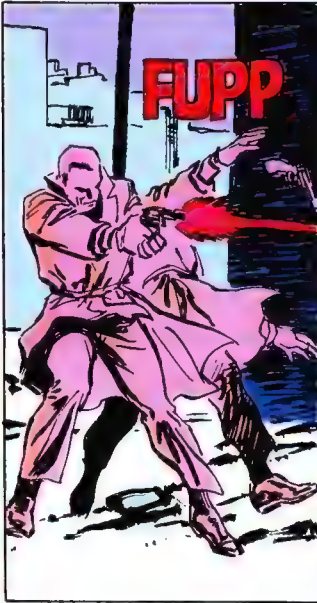
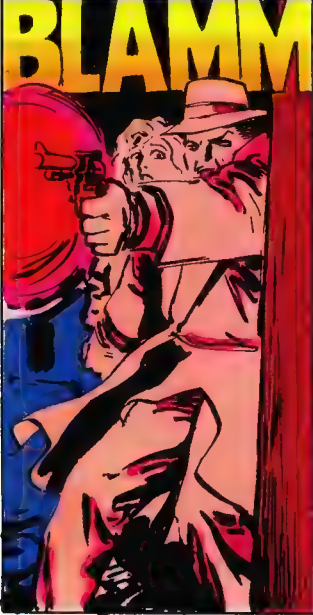
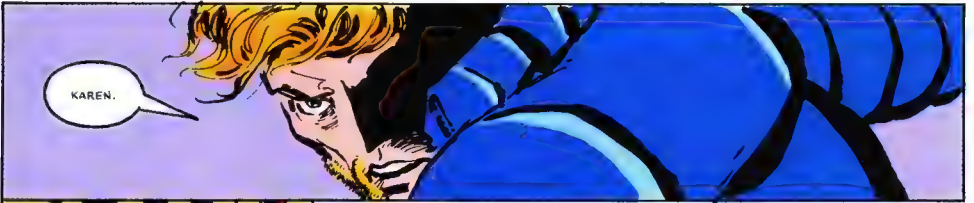
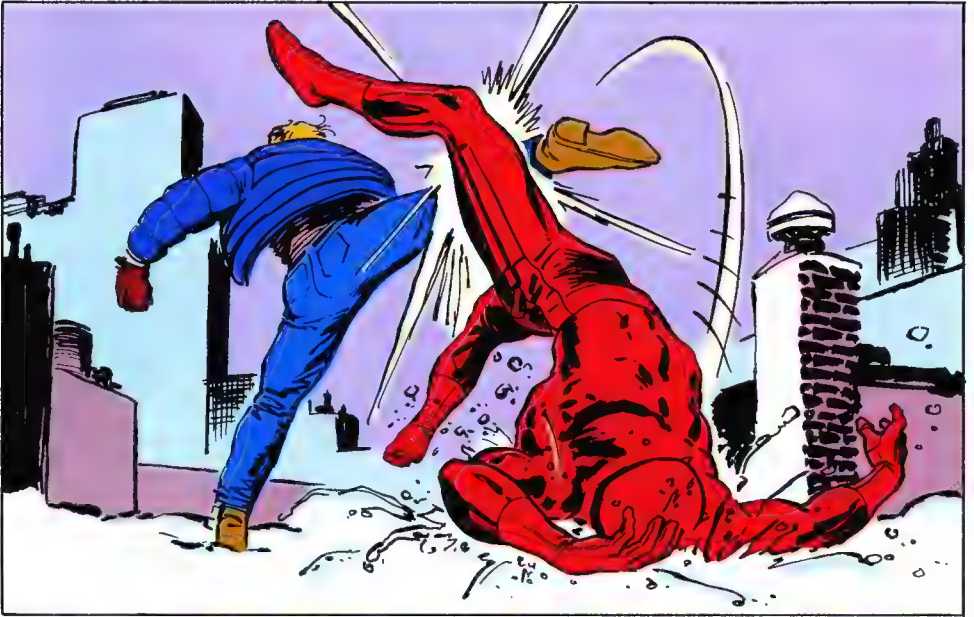
















In case you're too LAZY to read the NEWSPAPER--or WORSE, you get it from TELEVISION--a LOT has happened.

FIVE BODIES were found by POLICE on and around a west side APARTMENT BUILDING. The LIVE one was on the ROOF, stripped NAKED and suffering from multiple CONTUSIONS.

Turns out he's a certified LUNATIC.

The DOCTOR who arranged for his RELEASE is now working in FLORIDA.

As a GARDENER.

Two of the DEAD ones were known CRIMINALS. Both had previously served PRISON terms. One, in fact, FELIX MANNING by name, was still on PAROLE.

Their CORPSES and their EMPLOYMENT RECORDS have sparked an INVESTIGATION that will keep the Kingpin's ATTORNEYS busy for MONTHS.

The other two were officers SPANNER and TRUMBULL of the New York City POLICE. They leave a husband, a wife, and four kids behind to wonder WHY.

Two MORE were apprehended FLEEING the scene. One was MICHAEL KEMP, a three time LOSER. The other, PAULO SCORSESE, faces several LIFE SENTENCES for outstanding convictions of ARMED ROBBERY, DRUG TRAFFICKING, and MURDER.

Doris? Well, her NECK still hurts and she's taken to wearing a SCARF to hide the BRUISE. But she can TALK again and even LAUGHS when I say she sounds like BRENDA VACCARO.

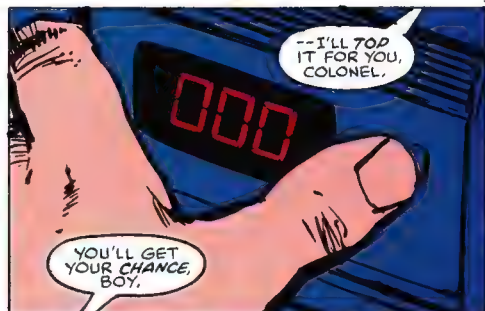
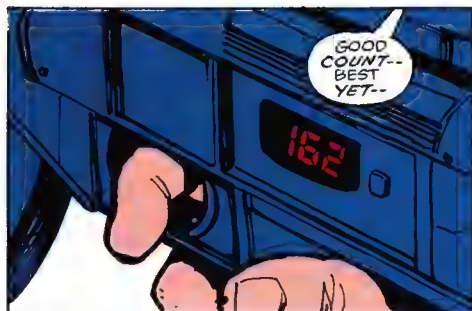
As For ME--like I TOLD you, I'm a REPORTER.

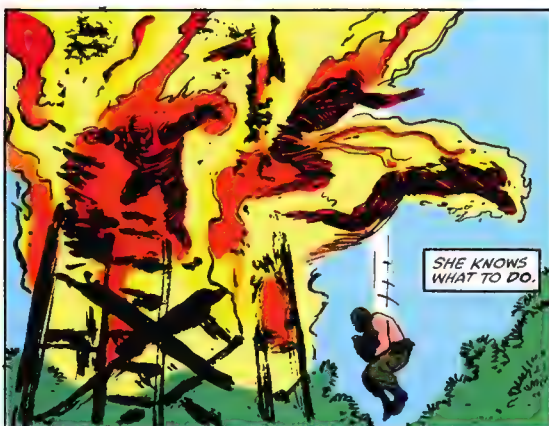
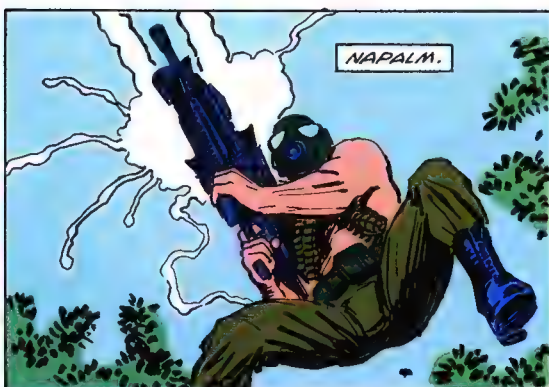
I'm going to find out where MATT MURDOCK is--

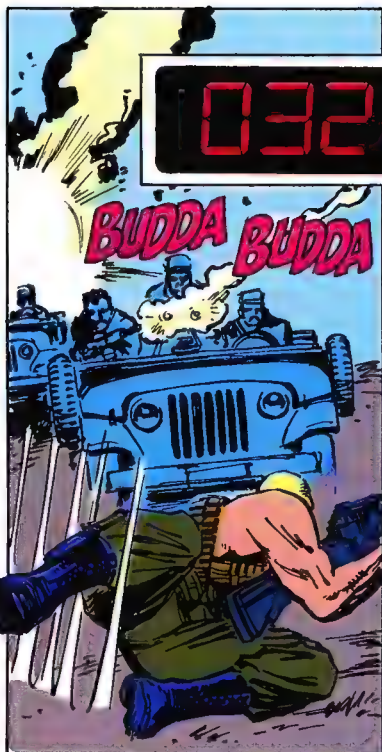
--and what he has BECOME.















NUKE.

SUCH A SIMPLE TERM, SO DIRECT.

AND NOW THE KING-PIN OF CRIME WILL AIM THIS NUKE AT THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO HATE.

THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO FEAR.

MURDOCK.

KAREN PAGE TRIES TO SCREAM BUT THE ONLY SOUND SHE CAN MAKE IS A DRY SUCKING--

--SUCKING. SHE THINKS OF WHAT SHE LEARNED IN COLLEGE --IN SCIENCE CLASS--WHAT SHE LEARNED ABOUT BLACK HOLES--

--STARS THAT COLLAPSE IN ON THEMSELVES AND STOP SHINING-- COLLAPSE UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT LESS THAN NOTHING--

--JUST A HOLE THAT SUCKS EVERYTHING IN AND TAKES IT NOWHERE-- JUST SUCKS AND SUCKS--

--AND SHE'D GO SHE'D DISAPPEAR AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER-- BUT HIS ARMS ARE STRONG AND HE HOLDS HER HERE ON EARTH--

--THINK OF HIM--THINK OF MATT MURDOCK--

--MATT--THEY ALMOST GOT MARRIED ONCE BEFORE SHE WENT FOR THE MOVIES-- BEFORE SHE LEFT HIM TO BECOME A STAR--

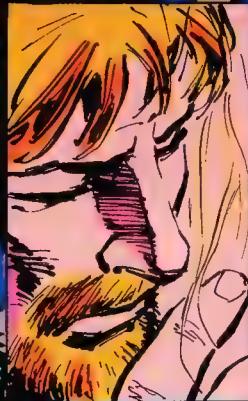
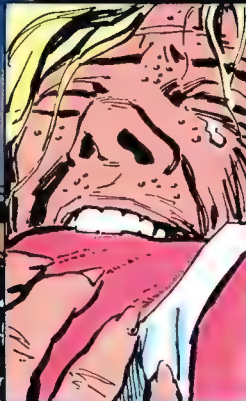
--AND THE MOVIES GOT WORSE AND WORSE AND PIECE BY PIECE KAREN PAGE SOLD HER SOUL--

--THE LAST PIECE SHE SOLD FOR A SHOT OF HEROIN-- A LOUSY FIX FOR THE LOUSY JUNKIE SHE'D BECOME--

--THE LAST PIECE OF HER-- MATT-- SHE SOLD MATT OUT-- TOLD A PUSHER THAT MATT IS DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE PUSHER SOLD THAT TO MATT'S ENEMIES--AND THEY TOOK MATT'S HOME AND CAREER AND EVERYTHING--

--NO--NOT EVERYTHING--



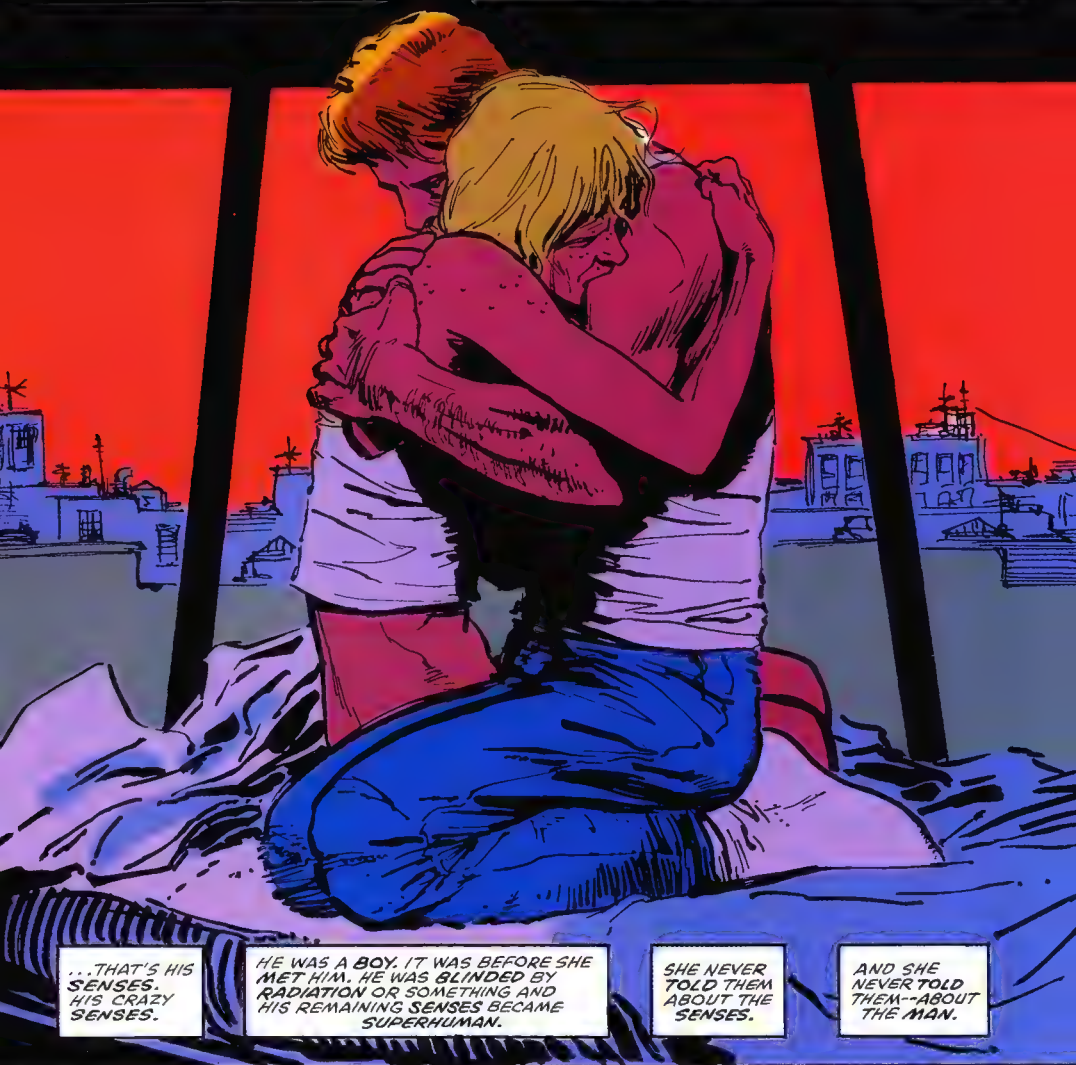
--"NOTHING" HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING!" MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

... AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

GOD AND COUNTRY

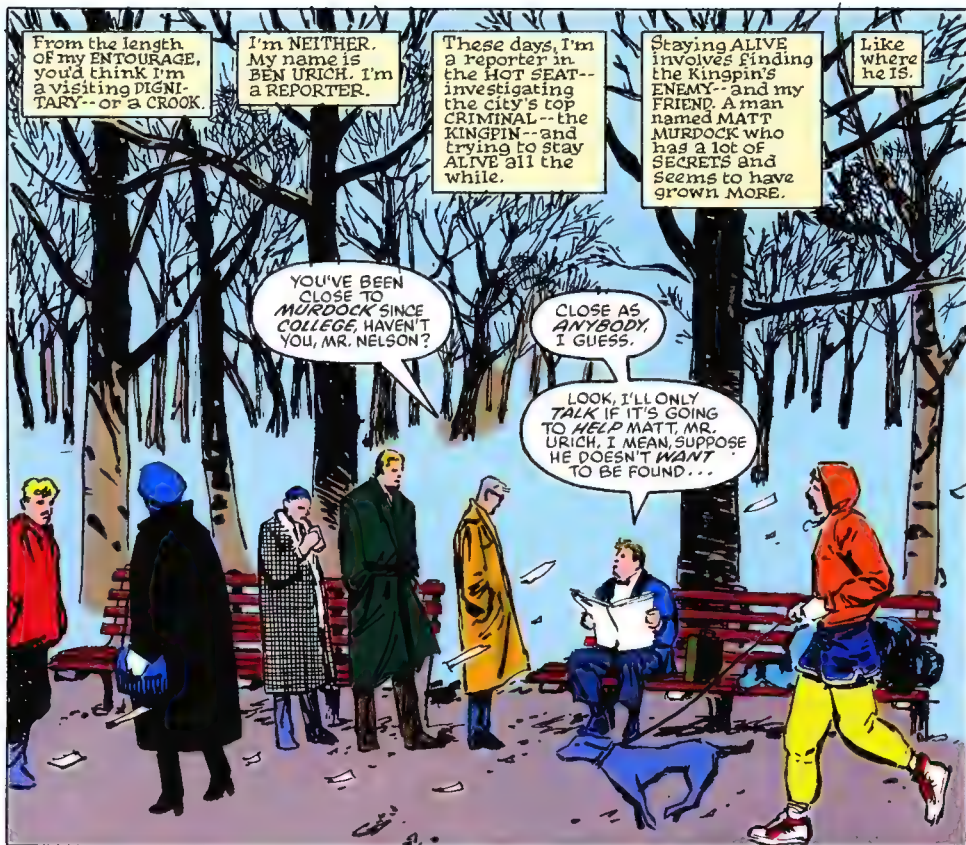
by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

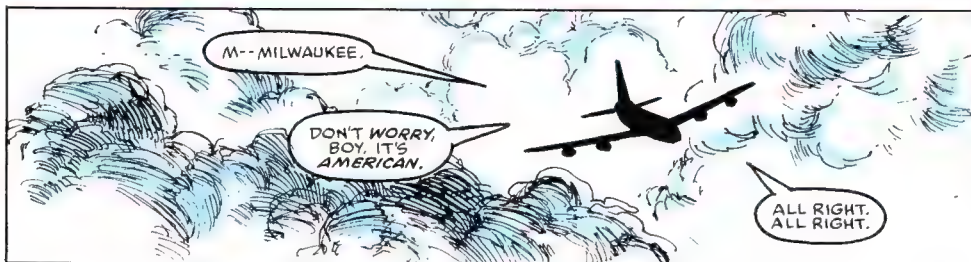
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF





IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S SOME FINE ART GALLERY FLIRT LOOKING TO COURT THE WINE AND CHEESE CROWD AND TALK ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD AS IF IT WERE WORTH THE TELLING.





TROUBLE, MR. FISK. IT'S YOUR GIRL LOIS.

SINCE SHE WAS APPREHENDED TRYING TO MURDER BEN URICH'S WIFE--SHE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS AGREED TO REDUCED CHARGES IN EXCHANGE FOR HER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.

I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL. EVER SINCE URICH GOT ON YOUR CASE, HE'S BEEN COZY WITH THE D.A.--

--AND NOW HE'S LANDED AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS.

COMMISSIONER... YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT OFFICER COOGAN IS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE INTERVIEW.

THAT IS ALL.

MR. FISK-- ABOUT THOSE PICTURES...

EMBARRASSING, AREN'T THEY, COMMISSIONER? SUCH AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL WAITRESS. YOUR WIFE WOULD BE INSULTED.

YOU NEED NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I WILL KEEP THE PHOTOS SAFE.

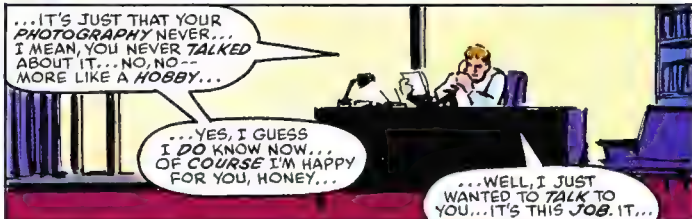
QUITE SAFE.



AW, GLORI, I WAS COUNTING ON TONIGHT... WHAT? A NEW JOB?...

THE DAILY BUGLE NO KIDDING. I GUESS URICH WAS SERIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...

...NO, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT...



...IT'S JUST THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY NEVER... I MEAN, YOU NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT... NO, NO-- MORE LIKE A HOBBY...

...YES, I GUESS I DO KNOW NOW... OF COURSE I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, HONEY...

...WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU... IT'S THIS JOB, IT...



...OH, FOR CORPORATE WORK IT'S OKAY... AND THE PAY IS GREAT... BUT...

...BUT SOME OF THE WORK THEY DO HERE... I'M NOT SURE IT'S LEGITIMATE...

HE'D BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH HER.



IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HE BOUGHT A RAZOR AND WAS SHAVING. HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO WORK--



--HE ACTUALLY LIKES THAT JOB HE FOUND--



--WHEN KAREN FELL ASLEEP.



SHE WOKE ALONE BUT THAT'S OKAY, NOW, THE WORST IS OVER, FOR ME IT'S OVER, SHE THINKS--

-- BUT MATT-- WHAT'S HE GOING THROUGH?

AND WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE KEEPS TOUCHING THE COSTUME AND PACING AND FROWNING LIKE A LITTLE KID WHO HAS TO STAY AFTER CLASS. WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PUT THE THING ON AND DANCE ACROSS THE BUILDINGS-- HE'S LIKE A GOD WHEN HE DOES THAT-- HE'S ACHING FOR IT...

WE'VE BOTH CHANGED, MATT. I USED TO WORRY WHEN YOU DID PUT IT ON, BUT NOW...

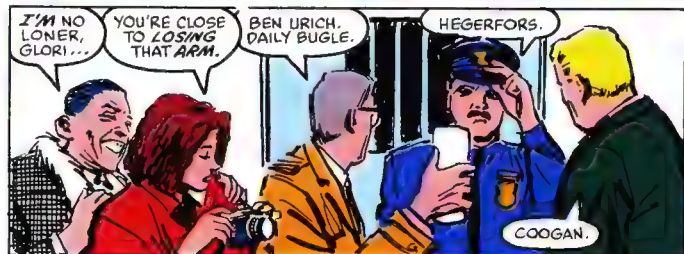
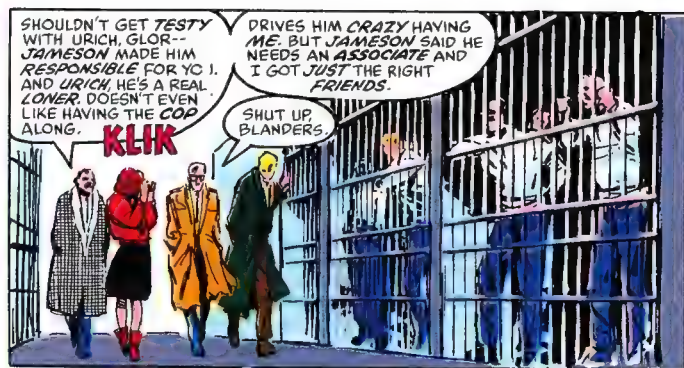
...YOU'RE WARM AND SWEET AND STRONG BUT THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMETHING NEW...

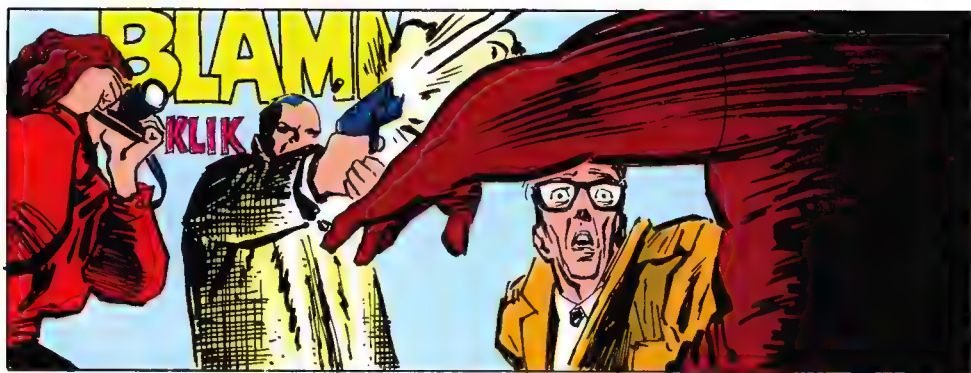
... SOMETHING COLD AND HARD, SOMETHING WAITING.

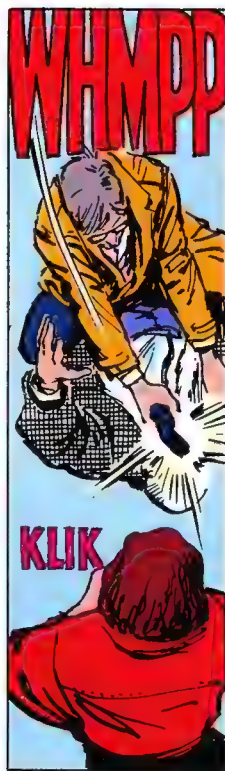
SOMETHING FRIGHTENING.

HE'S STILL MATT, SHE THINKS, AND SLEEPS.





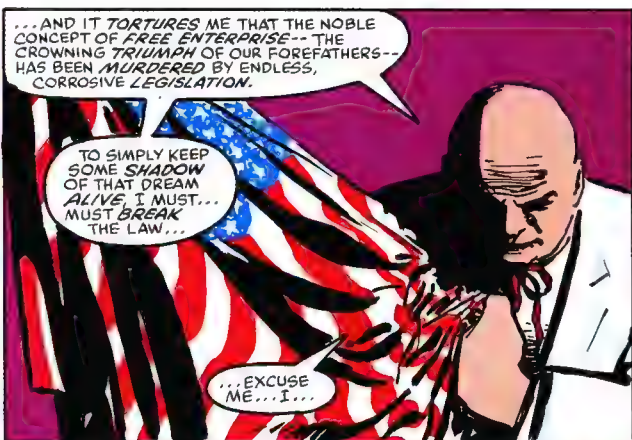








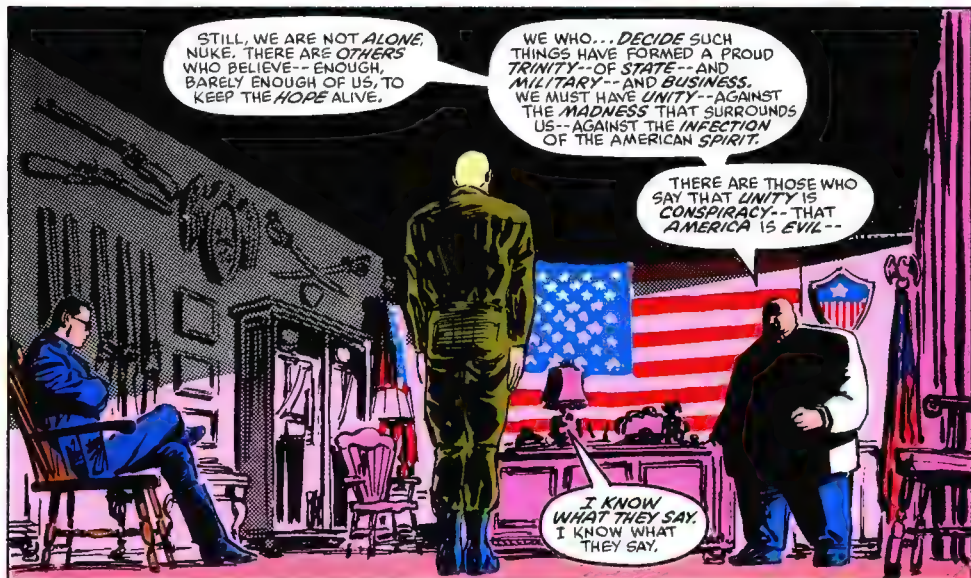
OUR BOYS...



...AND IT TORTURES ME THAT THE NOBLE CONCEPT OF *FREE ENTERPRISE*-- THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF OUR FOREFATHERS-- HAS BEEN *MURDERED* BY ENDLESS, CORROSIVE LEGISLATION.

TO SIMPLY KEEP SOME SHADOW OF THAT DREAM ALIVE, I MUST... MUST BREAK THE LAW...

...EXCUSE ME... I...



STILL, WE ARE NOT ALONE. NUKE. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO BELIEVE-- ENOUGH, BARELY ENOUGH OF US, TO KEEP THE HOPE ALIVE.

WE WHO... DECIDE SUCH THINGS HAVE FORMED A PROUD TRINITY-- OF STATE-- AND MILITARY-- AND BUSINESS. WE MUST HAVE UNITY-- AGAINST THE MADNESS THAT SURROUNDS US-- AGAINST THE INFECTION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT *UNITY* IS CONSPIRACY-- THAT AMERICA IS EVIL--

I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.



--AND NOW A SINGLE MAN THREATENS TO DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE BUILT. HE MOVES AGAINST ME-- CALLS ME A VILLAIN.

I AM NOT A VILLAIN, MY SON. I AM A CORPORATION-- IN THE CONGLOMERATE THAT IS AMERICA. BUT HIS ALLIES IN THE PRESS--

THE PRESS...



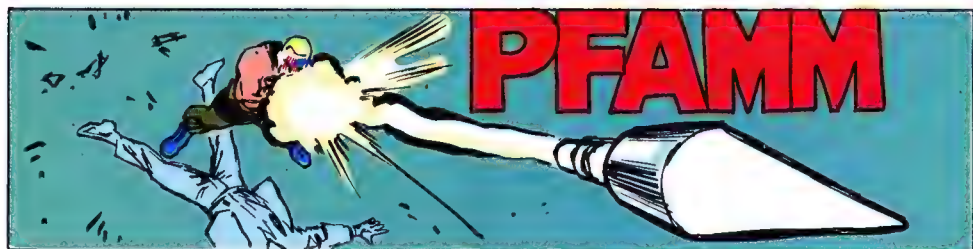
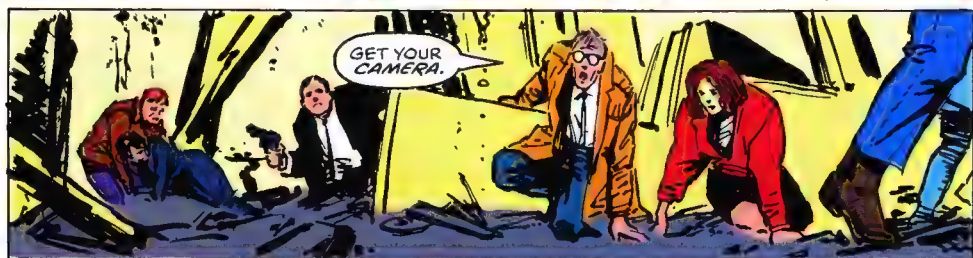
WHERE IS HE?

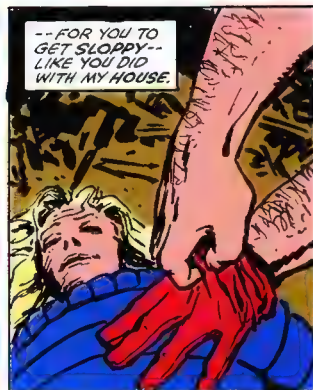
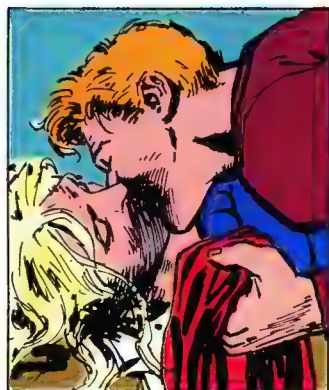
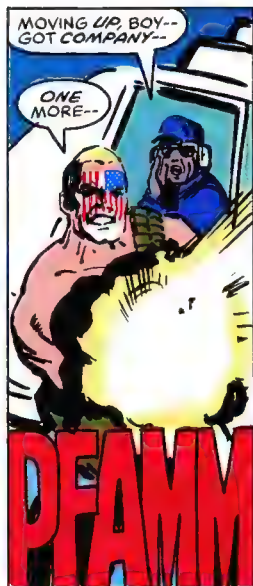
HELL'S KITCHEN.

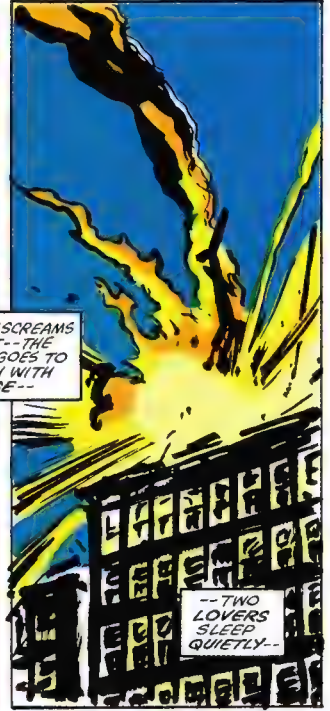


A man with blonde hair, wearing a blue quilted jacket over a red tie and blue jeans, is walking past a large window. The window shows a view of a body of water with a boat. The man is looking towards the camera. The scene is set in a modern interior with a light-colored floor and a white wall.

YES. MURDOCK WILL
REVEAL HIMSELF--
WHEN HELL'S KITCHEN
BURNS.











STAN LEE PRESENTS

ARMAGEDDON

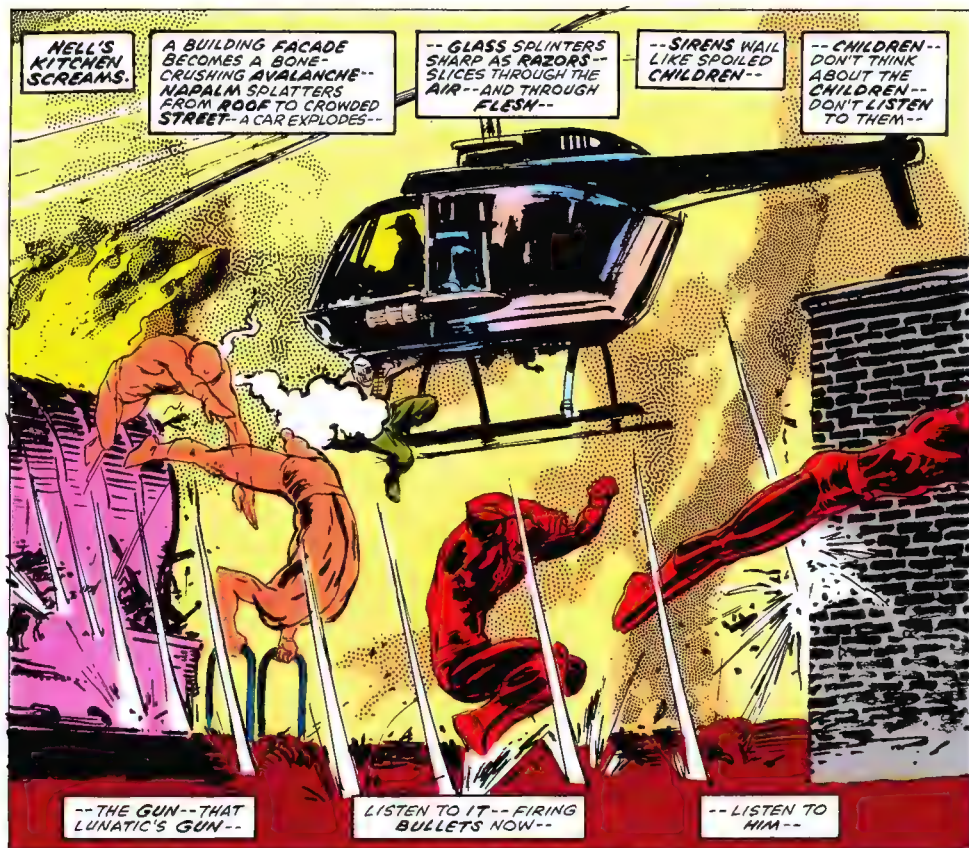


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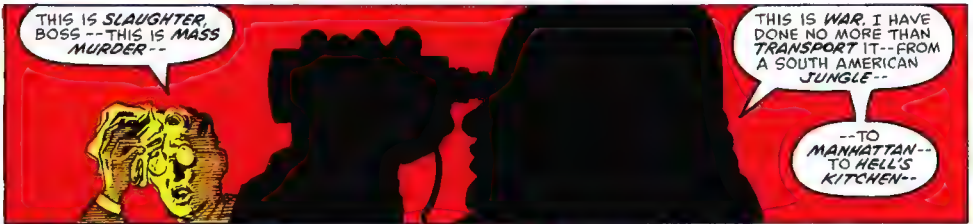
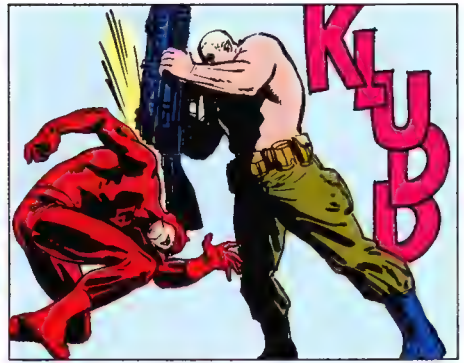
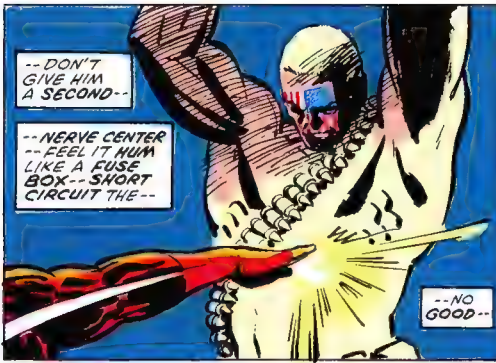
FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

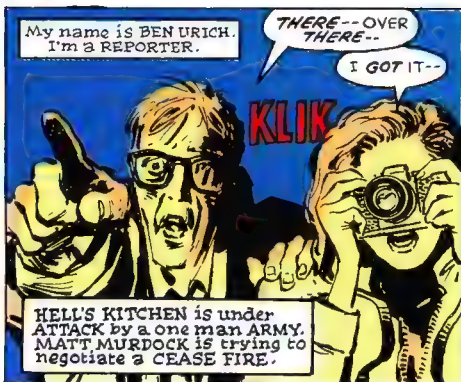
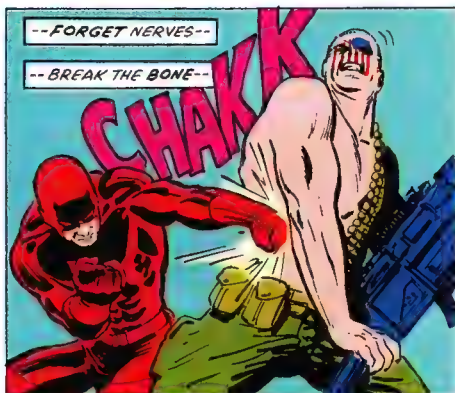
MAX SCHEELE COLORS RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR
JOE ROSEN LETTERS JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
JACK KIRBY

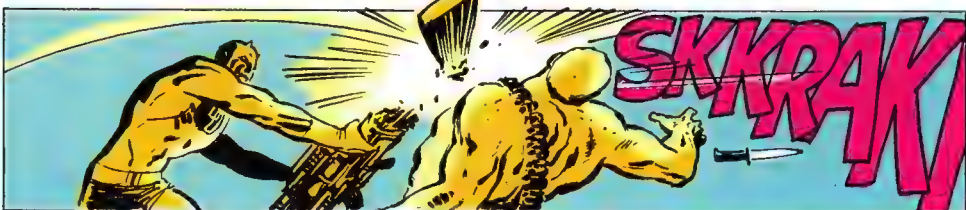
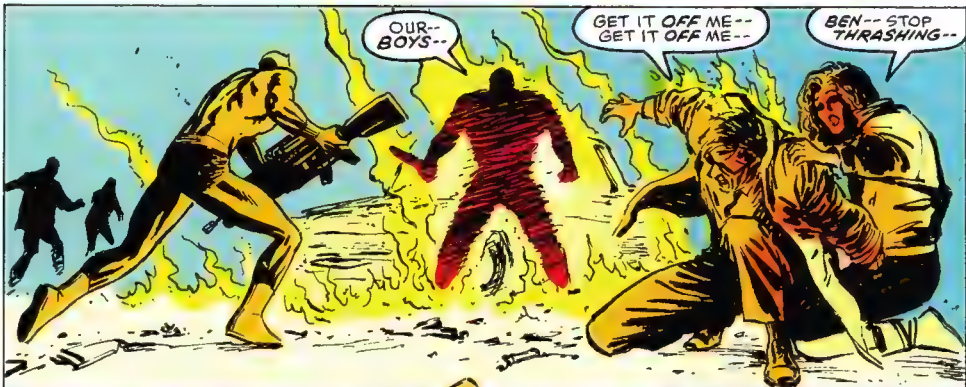


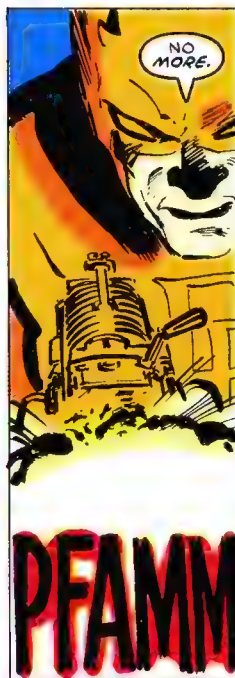




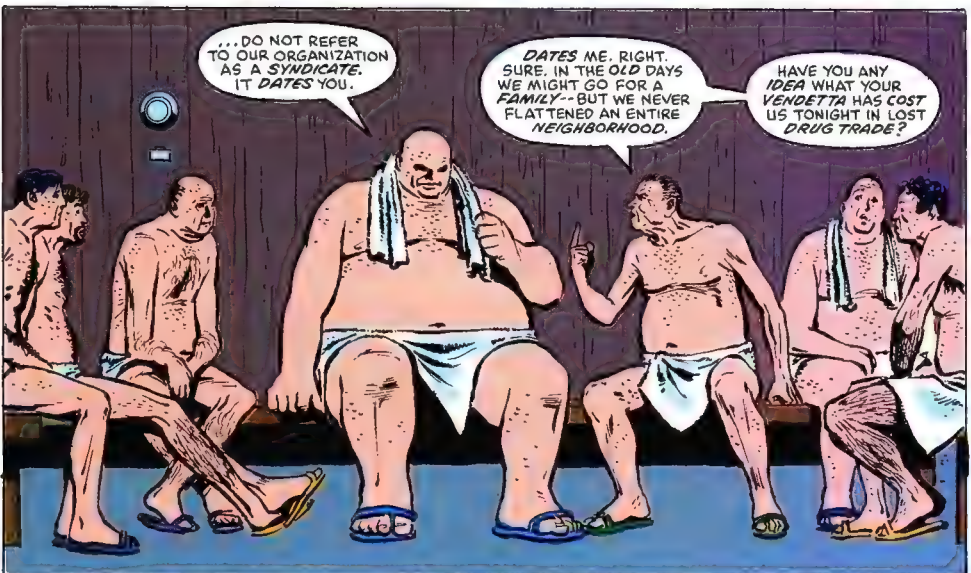
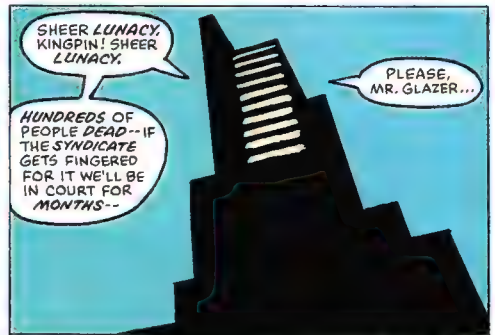
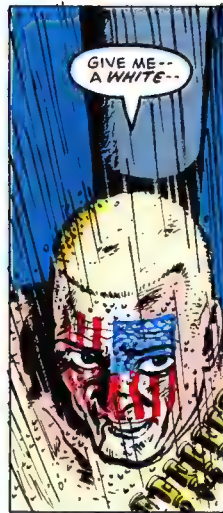
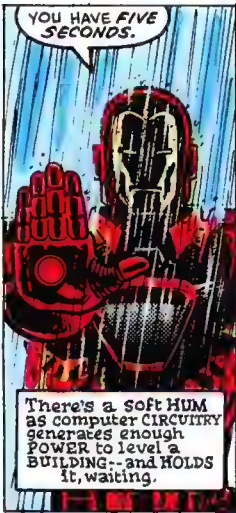


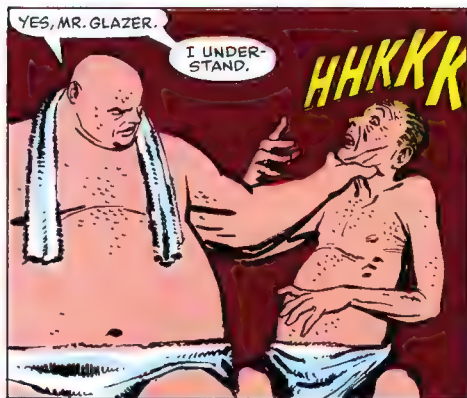


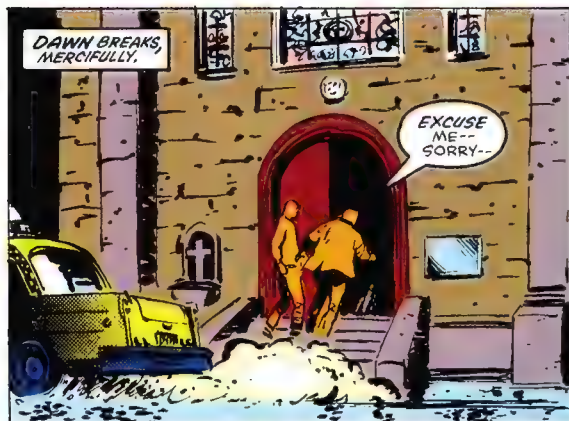


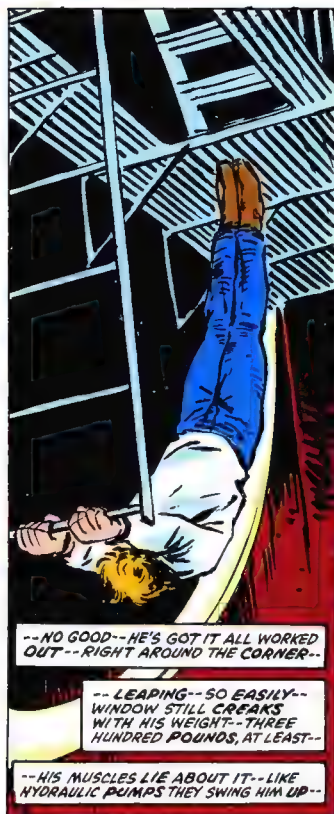
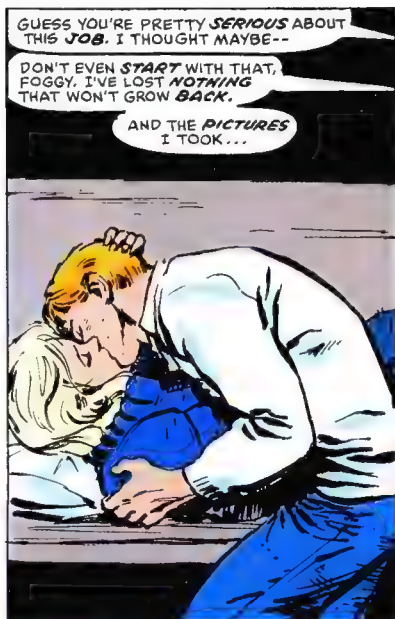














--ALL WORKED OUT--
HE TRACKED ME--
SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL--
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM.

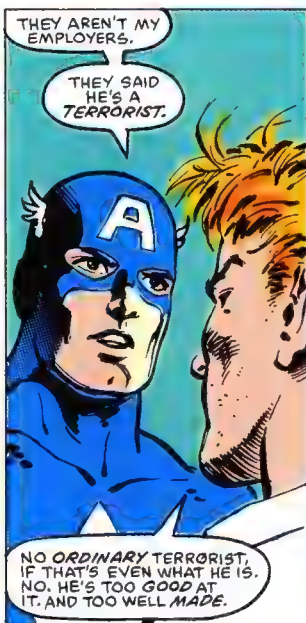
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



THAT MAN--
LAST NIGHT--
WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T
ASK?

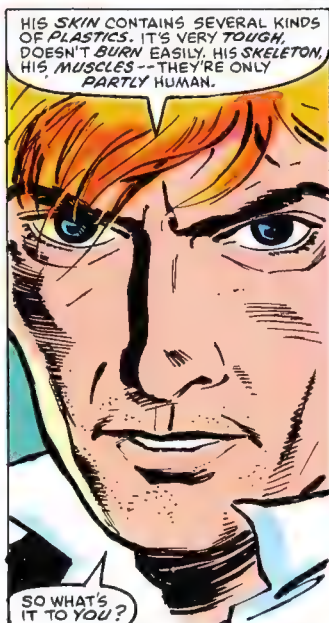
YOUR
EMPLOYERS,
I MEAN.



THEY AREN'T MY
EMPLOYERS.

THEY SAID
HE'S A
TERRORIST.

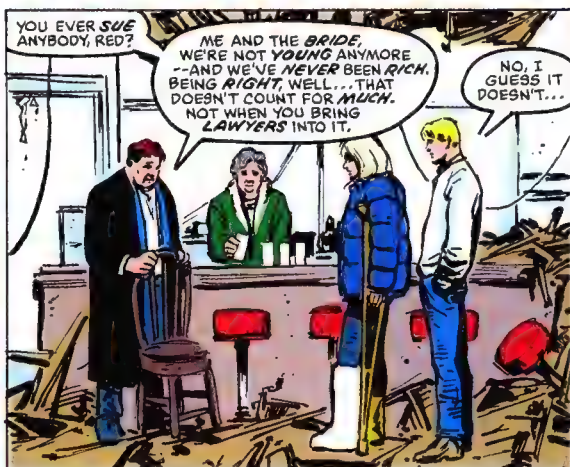
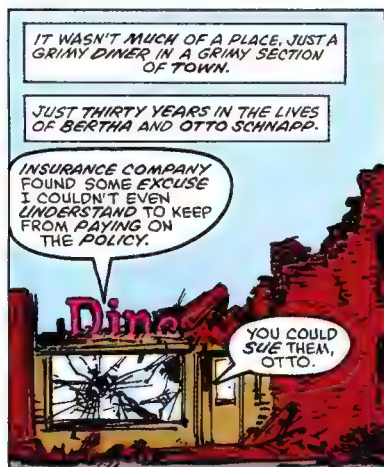
NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.
NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT
IT. AND TOO WELL MADE.

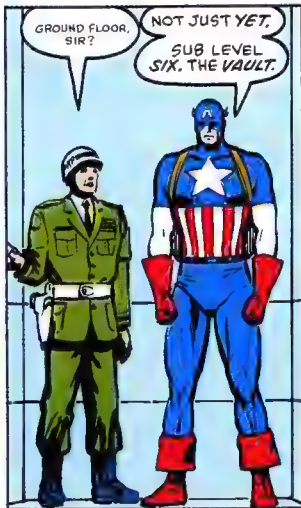


HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,
DOESN'T BURN EASILY. HIS SKELETON,
HIS MUSCLES -- THEY'RE ONLY
PARTLY HUMAN.

SO WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?







MANY FLOORS ABOVE...



THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE-- WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE-- AN ACT OF TREASON-- WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE --BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.



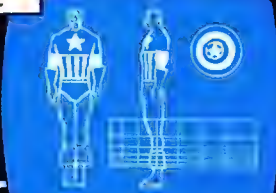
PROJECT RE-BIRTH--THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER-- PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS-- NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

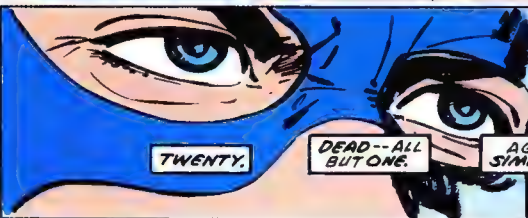
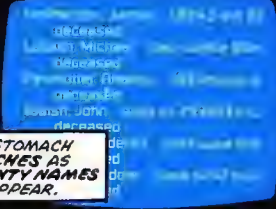


ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.



HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.



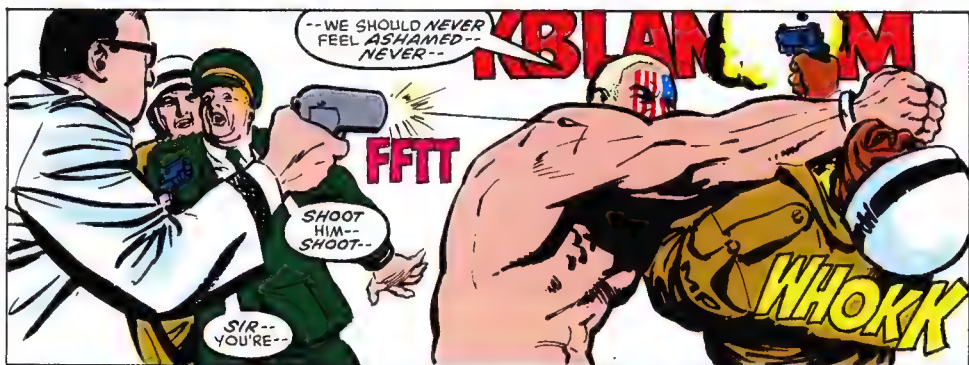
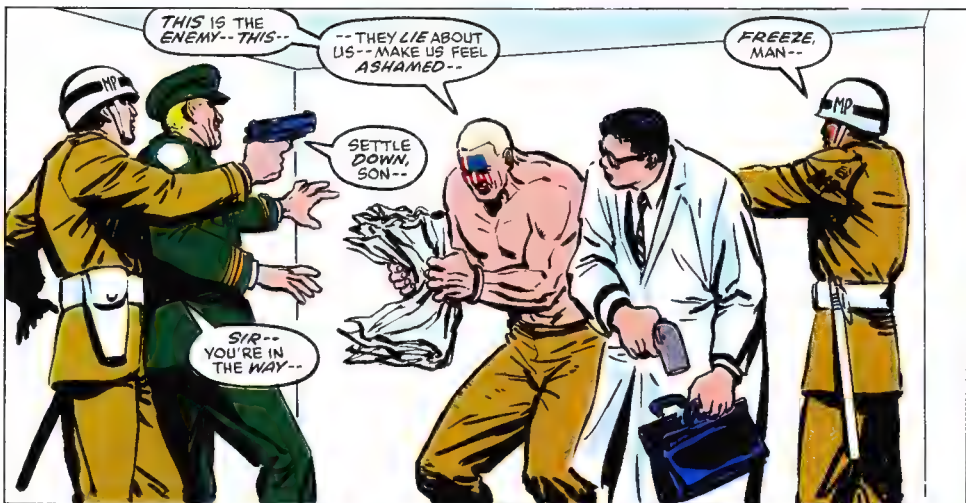
TWENTY.

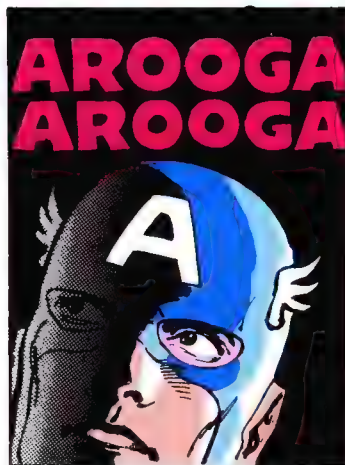
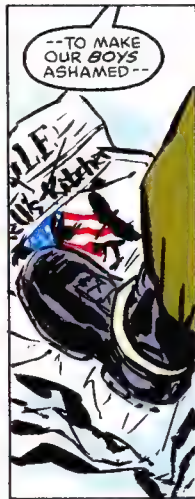
DEAD--ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.









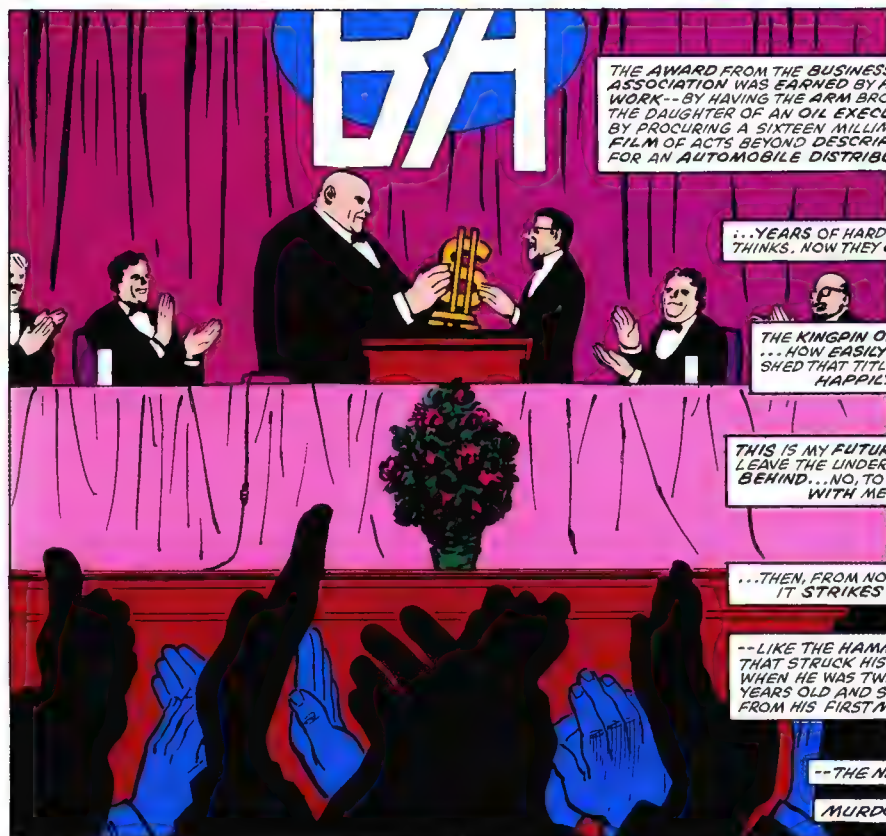
HELL'S KITCHEN.

...COSTUME GIVES ME
A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE
OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN...

...MAKES
IT EASIER
TO MOVE...

...REALLY, IT'S
CRUCIAL...

RIGHT,
RIGHT...



THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S
ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD
WORK-- BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF
THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--
BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER
FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE
THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME
...HOW EASILY I WILL
SHED THAT TITLE. HOW
HAPPILY.

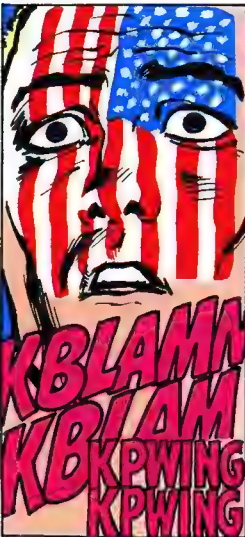
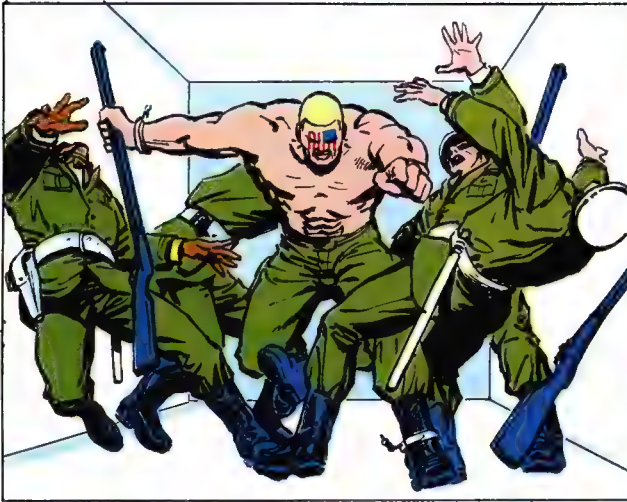
THIS IS MY FUTURE-- TO
LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD
BEHIND... NO, TO BRING IT
WITH ME...

...THEN, FROM NOWHERE,
IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW
THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL
WHEN HE WAS TWELVE
YEARS OLD AND SECONDS
FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

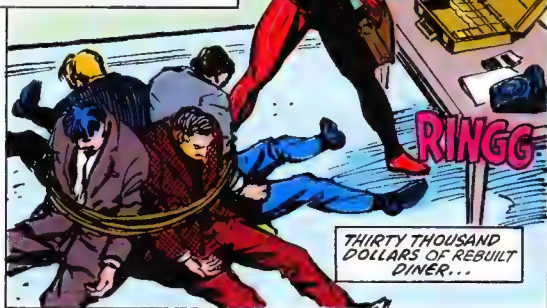
MURDOCK.





THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS
TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW
STAND POISED --

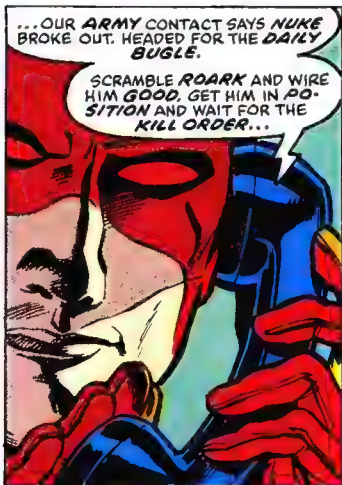
--TO BE FUNNELED INTO
THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE
SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S
FINANCIAL EMPIRE.



THIRTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS OF REBUILT
DINER...

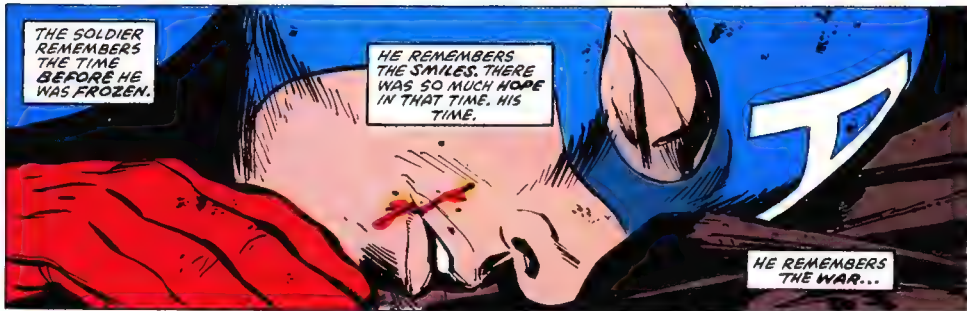
...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE
BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE DAILY
BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE
HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN PO-
SITION AND WAIT FOR THE
KILL ORDER...



THE SOLDIER
REMEMBERS
THE TIME
BEFORE HE
WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS
THE SMILES. THERE
WAS SO MUCH HOPE
IN THAT TIME. HIS
TIME.



HE REMEMBERS
THE WAR...

THREE BLOCKS AWAY--
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--
ARMY HELICOPTERS
--HOVERING OVER
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...



...LEAVE ME
HERE, CAPTAIN.
I'LL HOLD THE
LINE...

ON YOUR
FEET,
SERGEANT.

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
MORE CLEAN
ABOUT THE
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED
BOMBS THAT BURNED
FLESH AND DESTROYED
THE EFFORTS OF
GENERATIONS...



--THOSE HELICOPTERS
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL
THEY COME
OUT--KEEP
IT TIGHT--



...THE PLANES DIDN'T
SNEAK IN CLOSE LIKE
THE HELICOPTERS DO.
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE
GIANT INSECTS FROM
A HORROR MOVIE...

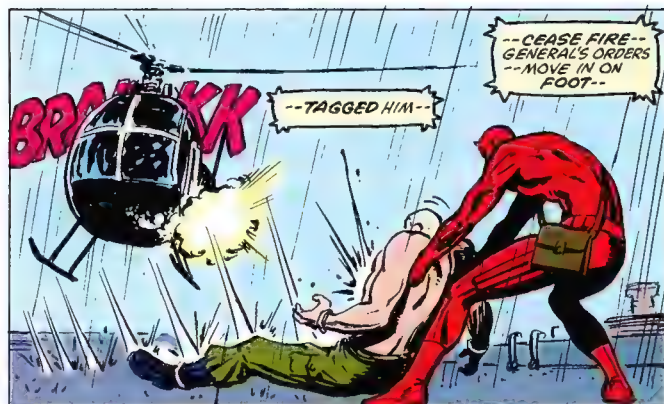
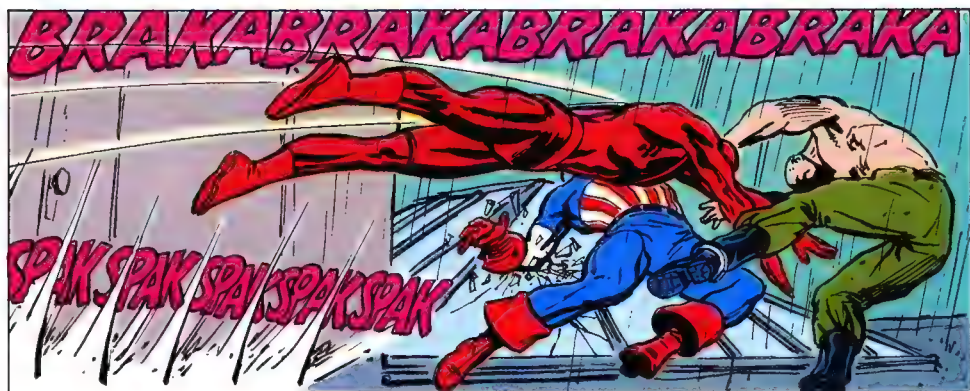
...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE
CRAZY.

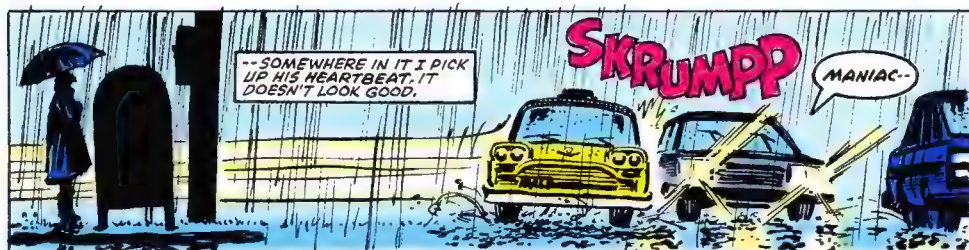
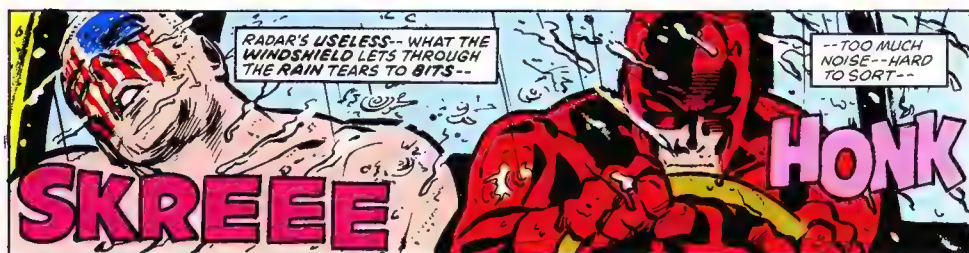
THOSE ARE OUR
BOYS.

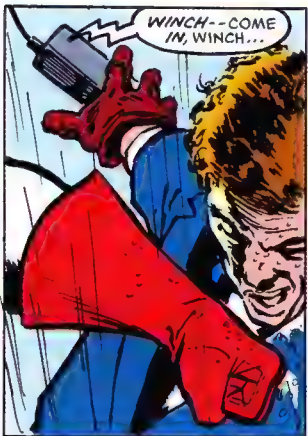
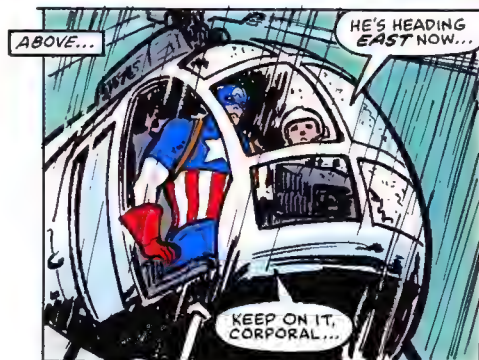
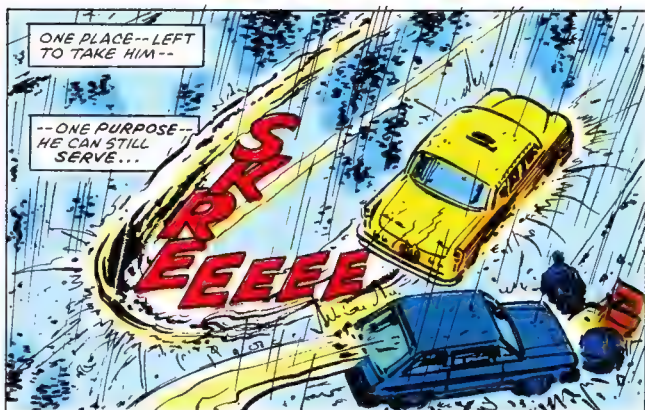


KEEP IT
TIGHT--
ON MY
ORDER--











THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



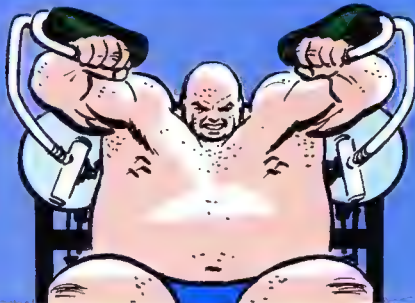
--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

... AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.



HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

THE LAW.

...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.

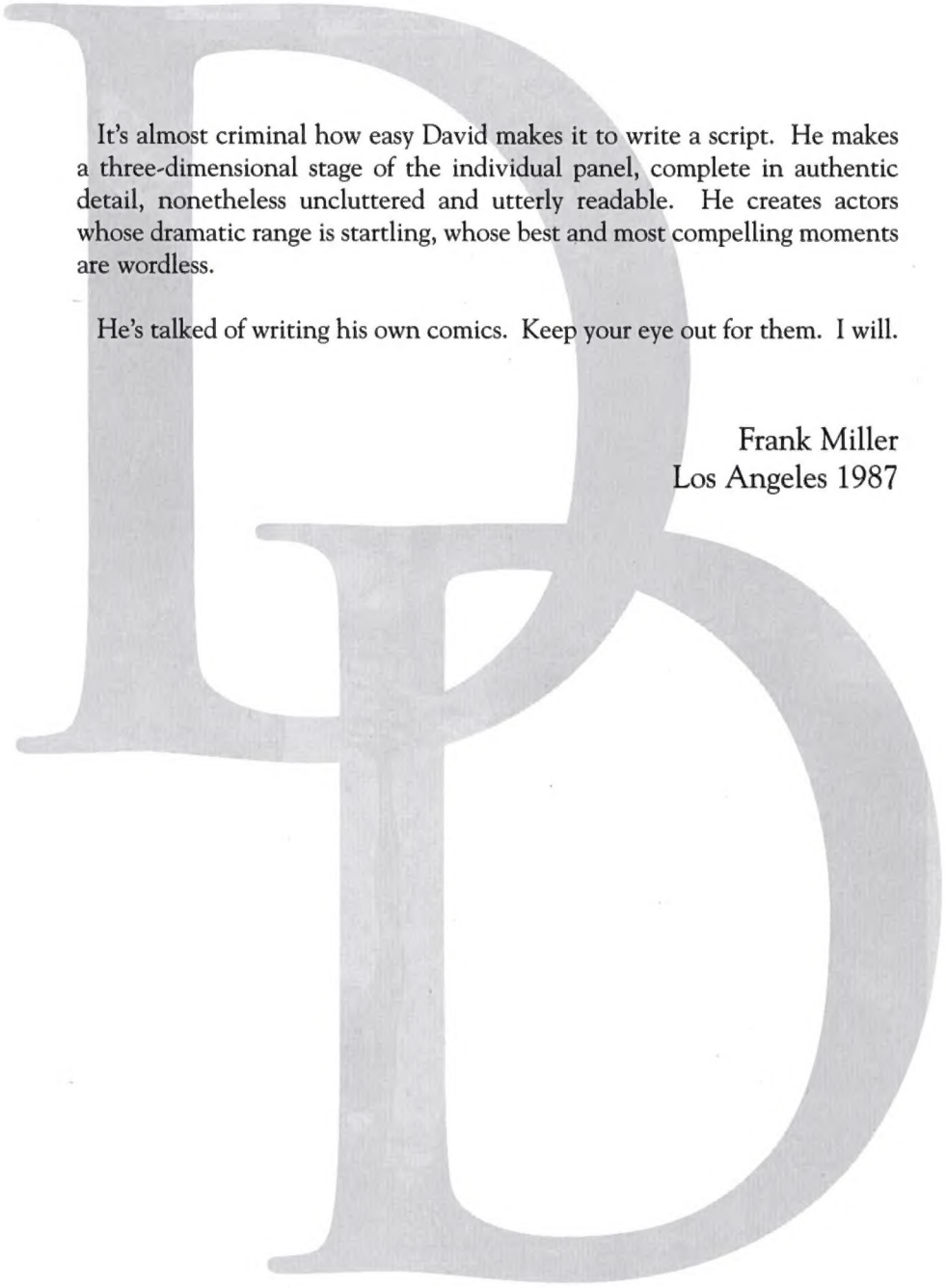
MY NAME IS
MATT
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN AND DO
MY BEST TO KEEP
IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.





It's almost criminal how easy David makes it to write a script. He makes a three-dimensional stage of the individual panel, complete in authentic detail, nonetheless uncluttered and utterly readable. He creates actors whose dramatic range is startling, whose best and most compelling moments are wordless.

He's talked of writing his own comics. Keep your eye out for them. I will.

Frank Miller
Los Angeles 1987



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"And I — I have shown him...that a man without hope is a man without fear."



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